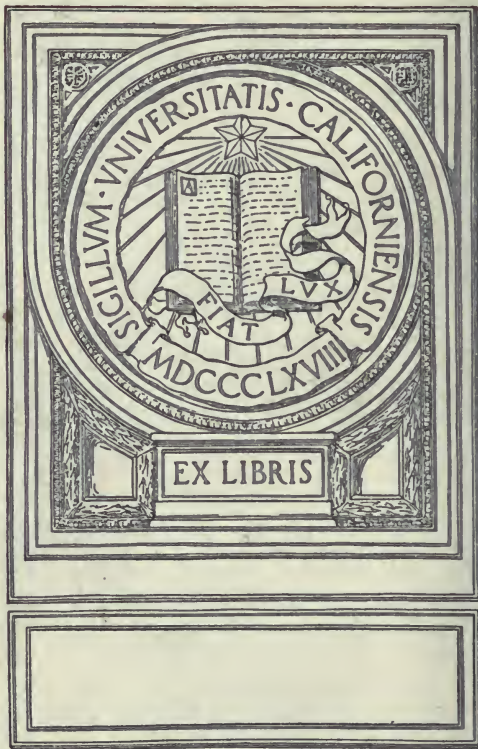
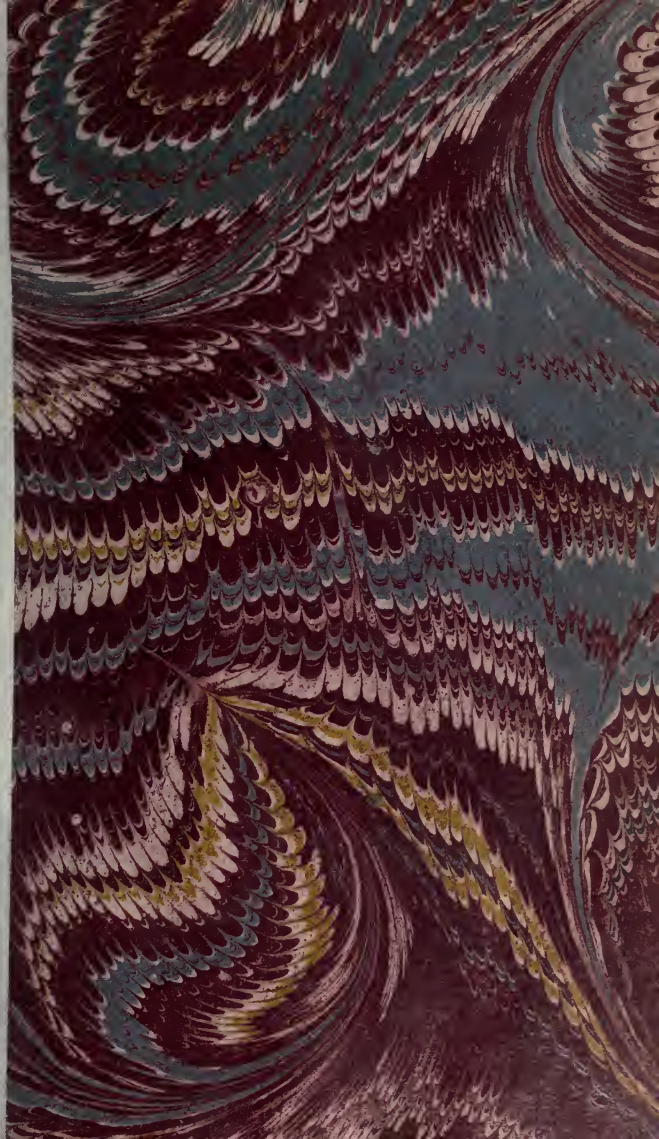


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1) Mrs Stoddard,
With kind regards
"A Happy New Year"
from
E. C. K.

New York Jan 1st 1868.



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POEMS

BY

Lemaitre (Dodge)
ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.



NEW YORK:
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DEDICATION.



TO HON. W. E. DODGE.

IF I bring flowers, to whom will they be sweet,
If not to thee, O brother of my heart!
If only weeds, thy love will do its part
To gather sweetness where but dry leaves meet,
And so I lay this volume at thy feet:
If what is lacking in poetic art,
Affection's purest essence might impart,
The gift were not more hearty, than complete;
With sense of incompleteness all alive —
With the cold Critic's scalpel in full view,
For one consoling plaudit still I strive,
And dare the strife in public to renew —
Deeming no meed of human praise more true,
Than what a brother's heart and voice may give.

E. C. K.



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ABROAD AND AT HOME.





ABROAD AND AT HOME.



TO AN ITALIAN BEGGAR-BOY.

THOU miniature of woes!
Thy half-clad meagre form
Along the highway goes,
Starvation's spectre! Storm
And sun alike —
Unheeded strike
That head which never covering knows.

Thy ravenous gray eyes glare
Like a young wolf's, dread boy!
Fearful is childhood's stare,
Bereft of childhood's joy:
It makes me wild
To see a child
Who never gladdened at a toy.

Oh, hard must be the lot
That makes a child a dread!

Where children's smiles are not,
Thorns grow in flowrets' stead;
A child's glad face
Is Heaven's own grace
Round manhood's stern existence shed.

Turn off that hungry eye,
It gnaws at Pity's heart!
Here 's bread; but come not nigh —
Thy *look* makes agues start!
There, take the whole;
To thy starved soul
No crumb of joy will bread impart.

Thine is the famished cry
Of a young heart unfed,
The hollow spirit's sigh,
For something more than bread.
"Give! give!" it says:
Ah, vain he prays
To man, who prayer to God ne'er said!

Wert thou of woman born?
Did human mother's breast
Nourish thee, thing forlorn?
Hath any love cared
Thine infant cheek?
Did'st ever speak,
Or hear, the name of father blest?

No, no, it cannot be!

Thou art the birth of Want;

Thy sire was Misery,

Thy mother Famine gaunt:

Thou hadst no home,—

The naked dome

Was all the covering Earth could grant.

See! here a happy troop

Of real children come,

Their lips the fond names group

Of Father, Mother, Home!

They go not far—

Love is the star

That draws them back whene'er they roam.

But wherefore, with mock grin,

Dost thou pursue these now?

Hath childhood any kin

Or kith with such as *thou*?

One hand did form

The bird and worm—

No other kinship these allow.

Hark! there rings Nature's laugh

Fresh from those well-fed throats;

Old age leans on his staff

To listen to its notes:

The gush of joy
Makes him a boy,—
How glad remembrance o'er it gloats!

Does that spasmodic scream,
Jerked from thy shrunken chest,
A human effort seem
To laugh among the rest?
It shocks the ear,
O God! to hear
Woe, through a child's false laugh, confest!

And have these children all
One Father, each who owns?
How partial blessings fall
Upon his little ones!
Why, outcast boy,
Must thou mock joy,
While these pour out its natural tones?

Ah! why indeed? Be hushed,
Short-sighted soul, and wait,
To learn why worms are crushed,
While birds sing at heaven's gate;
Why pools infect,
While lakes reflect
The pure sky, and bear Fortune's freight.

TUSCAN FISHERMEN.

MORNING.

THE morning breaks without a cloud,
The air is full of balm ;
The songster's matin swells aloud,
And the wide sea is calm.

The mountain-tops are rimmed with light,
And now, the tranquil view
Begins to catch a splendor bright
That floods the concave blue.

A score of hardy fishermen
Are spreading out their sails,
And pushing towards the sea again,
To woo the morning gales.

Like birds in flocks their little barks
The rippling waters skim ;
Some loving soul each fisher marks,
And cries, " Good luck to him ! "

The young wife to the hillock climbs,
Whence sight more freely roves,

And while for prayers the church-bell chimes,
Prays loud for him she loves.

Not empty goes the fisher's boat —
A freight of love it bears ;
Nor empty shall it homeward float,
If answered be Love's prayers.

No lot is hard, no fate unkind,
Where woman shares a part ;
Nor, loved, a man too rough to find
A soft spot in his heart.

EVENING.

THE evening sun his glory dips
Into the molten waves ;
With gold the cloud and mountain tips,
With gold the sea-shore paves.

The birds are winging, pair by pair,
This way to waiting nests ;
Instinct their pilot through the air,
Love beating in their breasts.

In pairs the sails, too, re-appear —
Twin-phantoms far away ;
But changing all, on coming near,
To things of every day.

They form, indeed, a common sight —
Common, yet something more
To those who hail it every night
With welcomes from the shore.

A landward breeze the white sail swells,
And swift the light boats come ;
But stronger force than wind impels
Those hardy fishers home.

Ah! unseen cords their vessels haste —
Together, yet apart —
All draw one way, and each is fast
Around some loving heart.

Rude men! where find a rougher set?
But each assured comes back,
If full, or empty be his net,
Love's greeting will not lack.

TO THE BOY

WHO GOES DAILY PAST MY WINDOWS SINGING.

I.

THOU happiest thing alive,
Anomaly of earth !
If sound thy lineage give,
Thou art the natural birth
Of affluent Joy —
Thy mother's name was Mirth,
Thou little singing boy !

II.

Thy star — it was a sun !
Thy time the month of May,
When streams to music run,
And birds sing all the day :
Nature did tune
Thy gushing voice by hers ;
A fount in June
Not more the bosom stirs :
A freshness flows
Through every bubbling note,
Sure Nature knows
The strains Art never wrote.

III.

Where was the human curse,
When thou did'st spring to life?
All feel it less, or worse,
In pain, in care, in strife.
Its dreadful word
Fell from the lips of Truth;
'Tis but deferred,
Unconscious youth!
That curse on thee
Is sure some day to fall;
Alas, more heavily
If Manhood takes it all!

IV.

I will not think of this —
It robs me of my part
In thy outgushing bliss:
No! keep thy glad young heart
Turned toward the sun —
What yet shall be,
None can foresee:
One thing is sure — that thou hast well begun!

V.

Meantime shall others share,
Wild minstrel-boy,

As I, to lighten care,
The music of thy joy.
Like scents of flowers,
Along life's wayside, passed
In dreary hours,
Too sweet to last,
Like touches soft,
Of Nature, on those strings
Within us, jarred so oft
By earth's discordant things.



ALONE BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

LEAVE me alone! Yet am I not alone —
Stays with me the companionable sea:
Its little curling waves wild music make,
Singing into my brain their melodies;
Its rolling billows beat against my soul
With a sublimer cadence; and I hear,
Amid it all, a plaintive undertone —
The moaning spirit of this tideless sea,
Weary through resting never, day nor night.
Tell me, thou voice profound, that secret which
These classic waters hide within their breast;
Why, in grand freedom from a general law,
Scorning allegiance to the Queen of Heaven,
They roll forever without changing tides?
No answer, save thy plaint perpetual!
As though imprisoned in some sea-shell, thou
Wert pleading always for thy liberty.
Hark, here a footstep comes! Not yet, good friend!
Leave me alone, for I am not alone:
There stand the mountains, hoary sentinels,
Watching me while I muse, or bearing up
My soul beyond the clouds which they have pierced.

The blue sky bends o'er me caressingly ;
The frolic breezes whisper in my ear ;
And here the setting sun sends social beams
To cheer my spirits, or a golden shower
To mellow thought and ripen it to song.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

I.

SEE how it stands there in this spectral light,
A shade gigantic of the mighty past!
Its beauty charms, its frown appals my sight;
The view will vanish, but the feeling last,
A shade's great shadow on my spirit cast.
Gray, wrinkled Ruin is by day sublime,
By night mysterious! I shrink aghast,
As in the ghostly presence of Old Time,
And hear unearthly knells far off in solemn chime.

II.

Where are thy victims, memorable pile?
From that arena comes an answering groan;
And hark! below, in those deep dungeons vile,
Sigh answers sigh, and moan repeateth moan;
While Echo, taking up the hollow tone,
Sends it, through fearful corridors of rock,
Along the seats which boisterous life have
known,
Where, joining laughter, it becomes a mock
Of pleasure and of pain, a discord and a shock.

III.

Dare enter? Yes: the moon has gone before,
Bearing her silver lamp to guide my feet,
And with its pale beams wanly gilding o'er
The mould and rent of Ruin's proudest seat;
Or, making lights and shades so grimly meet,
That spectres under arches stand arrayed
In the white armor of the winding-sheet;
And all the columns, into Cæsars made,
Eye one another down the mystic colonnade.

IV.

And what is that? a lion's glaring eye,
Piercing the darkness of that den afar?
Or, underneath do silent waters lie?
And is that fire-ball a reflected star?
All sights, all sounds upon my senses jar,
As untold shapes, and voices from the grave.
O cruel Past! Death's struggles could not mar
Thy monstrous mirth! The Christian and the
Brave,
A sacrifice to Sport, their blood heroic gave.

V.

Down, down, ye phantom memories! sanguine
stains
Are coming through the pavement where I
tread:

The terror-startled Fancy nothing gains
From feats nocturnal, save uncertain dread;
One walks with shadows when by moonlight
led:

No further will I go, but pause and gaze
On all this grandeur, till, by beauty fed,
The heart grows strong, and Thought itself can
raise

Up to the pure sublime, where utterance is praise.

VENICE IN 1855.

HAIL, City of Islands! hail, spouse of the Sea!
Fair dream of my youth, I behold thee at last;
From the bosom of waters thou risest to me
As a spectre of glory, a shade of the Past!

Thy palaces, pinnacles, pillars, and domes,
Point up to the same liquid blue as of yore;
But where is the lustre that circled those homes —
The sunlight that gildeth those temples no more?

Ah, there Reminiscence and Ruin remain,
To tell of the days of thy prowess and pride,
When the Merchants of Venice, those lords of the
main,
Brought thither new treasures on every tide.

But 'mid desolation, decay, and despair,
To live is th' Rialto's unchangeable lot;
For genius hath left its vitality there,
Where the ghost of old Shylock seems haunting
the spot.

Ay, Venice, though doomed, thou shalt live to all
time !

Though the sea should roll o'er thee its sepul-
chre-wave ;

Immortal alike by thy glory and crime,

Thou canst not sink down to Oblivion's grave.

But, seat of the mighty, how great was thy fall !

Once the prince of the nations, the port of the
world,

From freedom, abased to the dust and the thrall,

From a throne, to the feet of the Austrian hurled !

Thy bravest, thy sorest of strifes was thy last ;

When Liberty writhed in Mortality's grasp,

Forever departed, the soul of the Past,

And the hope of the Future expired in that gasp.

But the spirit of Beauty, immortal as Fame,

Yet lingers in sadness where Glory hath died ;

And the fair Adriatic to thee is the same

As she was in the days of thy valor and pride.

Ah, how she caresses thy lordly remains,

While her beautiful bosom still heaves as before,

As if her own freedom could loosen thy chains,

Or the spouse of her youth to lost glory restore !

Still in death, in decay, thou art Venice the grand!

Embosomed in waters, impearled by the stars;
And now, in this moonlight, how calm dost thou
stand,

While no discord the scene of thy peacefulness
mars.

'Tis enchantment! I dream! — In a cradle I glide,
Embedded as softly in velvet and down,
As if lulled in Love's lap, while around and beside,
Old temples and turrets in majesty frown.

Each moonlighted palace a sepulchre seems,
Each gondola black a funeral hearse,
So solemnly bearing to shadowy realms
Thy doges, whose deeds are immortal in verse.

And the tall Campanilé there stands like a seer,
A type of the gray-bearded giants of old,
Now looking far out on the sea, as to hear
Thy fate, in the murmur of waters foretold.

Oh, city of monuments reared to the dead!

From the domes of St. Mark, to the dark
Bridge of Sighs, —

From the palace of state, to its dungeons of dread —
From the past to the present, how thought swiftly
flies!

And where finds the Muse consolation at last?

Save in these freed dungeons, where only I hear
The echo of moans from the murderous Past,
And see but grim spectres, or emptiness drear.

Peace! peace to thee, Venice! thy shame was
more great,

As the tyrant in rule, than by tyrants trod down;
And lighter the curse is of slavery's fate,
Of an autocrat's *chain*, than an autocrat's *crown*.

HYMN TO THE ALPS.

I.

ETERNAL pyramids, built not with hands,
From linked foundations that deep-hidden lie,
Ye rise apart, and each a wonder stands!
Your marble peaks, which pierce the clouds so
high,
Seem holding up the curtain of the sky:
And there, sublime and solemn, have ye stood,
While crumbling Time, o'erawed, passed rever-
ent by,
Since Nature's resurrection from the flood,
Since Earth, new born, again received God's plaudit,
"GOOD!"

II.

Vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand!
Forever looking into Heaven's clear face,
Types of sublimest Faith, unmoved ye stand
While tortured torrents rave along your base;
Silent yourselves, while, loosed from its high place,
Headlong the avalanche loud thundering leaps!
Like a foul spirit, maddened by disgrace,

That in its fall the souls of thousands sweeps
Into perdition's gulf, down ruin's slippery steeps.

III.

When rose before me your transcendent heights,
Tipped from the orient with refulgent gold,
While on your slopes were blended shades and lights,
As morn's pale mist away, like drapery, rolled,
My soul, entranced, forgot its earthly hold,
Upborne to purer realms, on morning's wing;
Yet felt serene, as ye are calm and cold,
A joy that sublimated every thing,
That hushed all save the heart's profoundest, loftiest
string.

IV.

But when against the evening's solemn sky
Your white peaks through the spectral moonlight
peered,
Ye were Titanic spirits to my eye,
Awing the soul until itself it feared!
Oh! how sublimely awful ye appeared,
Silent as death in your cold solitude;
Appalling the lone traveller, as he neared
Some sacred spot, where none might dare intrude
With sandalled foot, base thought, or word, or ac-
tion rude.

V.

Imagination gives you endless forms :

Now ye seem giant sentinels, that wait
To watch from your calm heights a world of storms,
Reporting, each in turn, at Heaven's far gate,
The world's advances, and man's brief estate :
How many races have ye seen descend
Into Time's grave, the lowly with the great ;
How many kingdoms seen asunder rend,
How many empires fall, how many centuries end !

VI.

Dread monuments of your Creator's power !

When Egypt's pyramids shall mouldering fall,
In undiminished glory ye shall tower,
And still the reverent heart to worship call —
Yourselves a hymn of praise perpetual :
And if at last, when rent is Law's great chain,
Ye with material things must perish all,
Thoughts which ye have inspired, not born in vain,
In immaterial minds for aye shall live again.

HYMN TO THE OCEAN.

FOREVER callest thou, unfathomed Deep,
Unto the spirit's yet profounder depths ;
And HE who gave thee that mysterious voice,
Whose hollow tones make tremulous my soul,
From thought's abyss awaken its response.
Who that hath gazed on thy portentous breast,
And seen it heave, as if some mighty heart
Convulsively beneath its surface beat,
Can marvel that through Superstition's mists
The ancients saw and feared thee as a god?
For, when Imagination spreads her wings
Above thy trackless, measureless expanse,
Lo ! thou becomest a huge Titan stretched
In ominous repose, and breathing hoarse
As muttered thunder in yon gathering cloud ;
But, as that rises, growing dark and dense,
Thou wakenest too, in thy terrific might,
Foaming with rage, and for the combat armed
From the munitions of thy secret caves ;
While every threat'ning thunder-peal of Heaven
Is bellowed back from thy defiant waves !

Thus Ocean, I, on airy pinions poised,
Behold thee in the sunlight and the storm ;
But when I rise to Reason's purer realms,

My truer vision sees thee as thou art —
No god thyself, but God's stupendous thought, —
The chief expression of his matchless might,
And swayed forever by great Nature's laws.
Ay, Nature's Sovereign, lest in turbulence
Thou break from his vast chain of harmonies,
Hath placed a shining monitor on high,
Whose mystic signs thy restless tides obey.
Oh, when her smile serene upon thee beams,
How thy wild waves rejoice and laugh again, .
Chasing each other, as, in frolic mood,
They cast white pebbles on the beaten shore!
And how resplendent art thou, when, with morn,
In golden livery Phœbus' heralds come,
And burnished lances gleam athwart thy breast!
The fiery steeds that urge his radiant car,
Seem leaping as from out thy hidden depths
To mount the orient, while all Nature hails,
And thine exulting waves the chorus join.
Then sends my soul her orisons above,
Timed to the music of thy morning hymn.

When murky clouds at twilight veil the sky,
And flit like spectres o'er the leaden sea;
A murmurous moan, from thy deep caverns sent,
Appalls my ear, as each receding wave .
Gives pause a moment to the breakers' boom;
A supernatural awe steals through my soul,
While ghosts of buried memories rise in troops,

And, grimly, slowly pass across the brain :
Then too, prayer wakens, but its trembling thought
Shrinks from the lips that palsyng fear hath sealed,
And timid hides within the heart's recess.
But oh, when night and storms contend without,
The distant roar of thy tumultuous surge
Startles imagination like to groans
Of demons from the pit of Erebus !
I seem to stand alone on danger's brink,
That trembles with the crash of breaking seas ;
To linger there, as spell-bound by the sense,
The awfulness of true sublimity, —
Old Ocean waring with the incensed winds !

From year to year, from age to age, thy voice
Perpetual Sea, proclaims Omnipotence !
An uncreated, all-creating Power,
Transcending, far as heaven, thy proudest heights ;
Deeper than thine unfathomable depths ;
Wider than is thy limitless expanse ;
Encircling thee in its immensity,
And staying thy ambitious waves at will.
But here thought's subtlest faculty must fail ;
It cannot pierce the dim indefinite,
Which awes the soul through thee, mysterious Deep,
And nearest brings it that engulfing sea
Where thou thyself art lost — Eternity !



A SPRING SONG.

THE dainty-footed Spring again
Comes tripping o'er the lea ;
Verdure salutes her from the plain,
And blossoms from the tree.

Where'er she steps the buds peep up,
Her kindly smile to greet,
And every floweret's dewy cup
Casts diamonds at her feet.

The brooklet bears her silver notes
Along the deep ravine,
As on its breast she gayly floats
To deck the sylvan scene :

'T is caught again by countless birds
That fill the woods with song ;
Whilst bleating flocks and lowing herds
Give echo loud and long.

The swallow from the chimney-top
Invites her young to roam ;

The cricket hath a merrier hop,
The bee a busier hum.

The matron here, amid her brood,
Cackles her household note ;
And fowls upon the limpid flood
Beside their ducklings float.

Ay, every thing that lives and loves,
In earth, and air, and sea,
Unites with hills, and vales, and groves,
Fair Spring, to welcome thee !



SPRING RAIN.

I LOVE the Spring rain !
Its liquid refrain
Is music to me :
It sings of new birth
To the well-watered earth,
To meadow, hill, valley, and tree.

Rejoice, little seed !
In the time of thy need
It comes to thy heart, —
Patters first at its door,
Then descends to the core,
There riches of life to impart :

It quickens — it lives !
Now upward it strives
To look in Day's face ;
When lo ! at the view ;
It opens anew, —
The flower takes the little seed's place.

I love the Spring rain,
With its liquid refrain,

Soul-music it seems;
It sings to my brain,
While it patters the pane,
Such songs as we hear in our dreams.

Nor singeth alone,
In sweet monotone, —
It brings life indeed :
I love the Spring rain,
With its liquid refrain, —
It quickens the soul's early seed.

It sings of that Power
Which sendeth the shower,
For Nature's new birth :
I love the Spring rain !
Its liquid refrain
Sings ever, " God loveth the Earth ! "

VIOLET.

HAPPIEST thing alive in Nature —

Nature's pet!

Loving, laughing, leaping creature,

Sunshine lights thy every feature, —

Violet!

Envyng thee would be but madness ;

Where did 'st get

All that little life of gladness ?

Oft thy mother's brow wears sadness, —

Violet!

Thou the likeness of thy father

Art — and yet,

Clouds on his brow sometimes gather ;

Child of Mirth, then, art thou rather, —

Violet!

Though my lids with feeling quiver,

We 're well met ; —

Me from pain thy smiles deliver,

Blessings on thee, sweet joy-giver, —

Violet!

Go on laughing, leaping, dancing!
I forget
Sorrows past and years advancing,
While my eyes at thine are glancing,—
Violet!

Happy Childhood! No foreseeing—
No regret!
Innocence with Heaven agreeing,
All thy joy consists in *being*,—
Violet!



MOSS ROSEBUDS.

BRING them hither ! Bring them hither !
Let me breathe their charmed perfume ;
Keep them by me, till shall wither
All their beauty, all their bloom :
Yet to see them makes me tremble,
Yet to scent them makes me faint —
Words may not my thoughts dissemble,
Art cannot my feelings paint.

'T is in vain to strive with nature ;
Let me yield to sad delight.
Oh, there is no living creature
Who can rob this heart to-night !
There's no force that can deny me
Memory's solace, hope's sweet balm ;
Nor *that* in these rosebuds by me,
Which disturbs, yet brings me calm.

Flow then, tears, bedew these roses
Till *they* tremble, too, with life ;
Till each opening bud discloses
Its red heart with feeling rife ;

For it cannot be they 're senseless —
They, which stir my senses thus ;
Flowers that comfort the defenseless,
Must have sympathies with us.

Yes ; their odor is a spirit
Which exhales to blend with mine ;
Suffering hearts the gift inherit
Nature's secrets to divine.
And I know there's kindred feeling
In these rosebuds and this breast ;
Thus through all my senses stealing
Is sweet sadness unexpressed.

RAIN REVERIES.

I.

STEADILY it rains ;
Steadily drop the eaves
On my window-panes —
Sweet monotony !
Ever unto me,
Like a symphony
Of the stirring leaves.
Who to-day complains ?
Whom "the dull rain" grieves,
Dull himself must be ;
Never dreameth he,
How the poet weaves
Rhymes in sympathy.

II.

Feed afresh the fire,
Near the arm-chair roll ;
Leave me with my lyre.
Hark ! this pattering
Seemeth Music's wing,
Softly fluttering

At my open soul :
Now it stirs desire,
Now a sweet control
Seizes me — I sing,
Playing on one string
Timed by drops the whole —
I still listening.

III.

Blessed be the rain !
Feeling 't is, and thought,
To the heart and brain ;
Music to the ears,
Which the spirit hears,
As if singing spheres
Nearer earth were brought ;
Like a shining chain,
Of " linked sweetness " wrought,
Sound to sight appears ;
Lo ! the distance nears,
Upward by it caught, —
Angels are my peers.

IV.

Down again I come,
As the raindrops fall,
To my humble home :
Now the dream is past,

'T was too bright to last ;
Earthward I am cast,
Like a worm, so small !
Disappears Heaven's dome,
Vanishes all, — all, —
Here I sit aghast !
Yet it raineth fast, —
Music's gentle thrall
Is not overpast.

v.

Still I sing away,
By my own fireside,
All the livelong day ;
While the pleasant rain
Comes and comes again,
Like the sweet refrain
Of a roundelay :
What without betide,
Naught to me, I say ;
Rumor taps in vain
At my window-pane,
To all guests a " Nay ! " —
Welcome but the rain.

THE POET AND VIOLET.

A son of Genius once espied
A violet in the shade,
Whose fragile form grew up beside
A stream that blessed the glade.
This violet his Fancy's eye
Made fairest of its kind,
And saw in its cerulean dye
All heavenly charms combined.

So, kneeling on the streamlet's bank
In ecstasy devout,
He kissed the flower — its fragrance drank,
And love in song poured out :
“I long to pluck thee, violet !
Thy charms I would possess ; ”
But its blue eye, with tear-drops wet,
O'erflowed at his caress.

Then turning to the shining stream,
He saw within its breast
The violet's form, as in a dream,
So tranquilly at rest :

The poet paused — for well he knew
The floweret that he loved,
Which freshness from the streamlet drew,
Would wither if removed.

“No: — let me leave thee where thou art,
My touch thy charms would blight;
But, little floweret of my heart,
To keep thee still in sight,
Thy heavenly image I will paint
And bear it hence away,
Where homage that befits a saint
Shall greet it day by day.”

He said, and quick his pencil took,
Love all its movements graced,
While, kneeling still beside the brook,
The violet's form he traced:
His poet-soul, with passion warm,
Did fancy's hues impart,
And Nature owned the added charm
Of his divinest art.

And when from out the canvas beamed
That moist blue eye on him,
There lovelier its image seemed
Than on the streamlet's brim;

And in the fervor of that hour,
He swore, where'er he roved,
Hence never more to love a flower,
As he that violet loved!

But, turning from the shady wood,
Where all was calm and green,
He left behind his tender mood,
And sought a brighter scene:
Amid the whirling city's glare
The dreamy poet moved,
And in the perfumed, gay parterre
From flower to flower he roved.

What of the little violet now
Which late his lips did press?
'T was blooming still, and kept his vow
Safe folded in its breast:
But to its home beside the brook
The poet came no more;
Nor, on its painted form did look
In worship as before.

Unruffled still the streamlet flows —
Unchanged the violet sees
Its form there mirrored in repose,
Beneath the arching trees;

And if where now it blooms, ere long
 Shall be a lifeless stem,
 The stream, and not the poet's song,
 Will chaunt its requiem.

THE FOUNTAIN.

SIT down in this shady spot!

There's a blessing in the shade;
Here the glaring sun glares not,
Thought may speak, nor be betrayed.
Hark! that fountain by the grot,
All the morn has danced and played,
And its own glad music made;
Like a child
With rapture wild,
Sending laughter through the glade.

Hear the pattering of its feet
On the rocks, whose flinty hearts
Even thrill and seem to beat
With the joy that touch imparts!
Hear the waters, joy repeat;
See the light which sudden darts
Through the prism-drop, that parts.
Every ray,
Till from the spray
Spirit-like a rainbow starts.

Close the eyes, and listen still :

How the silvery showers that fall
With a liquid music, fill

Heart and soul, and senses — all !

Keep the eyelids closed, until

Voices sweet from Dreamland call —

Soft sylphine sounds enthrall

Reason's power,

And for the hour,

Heaven grows near — Earth far and small.

Evermore the fountain plays,

Evermore its waters sing ;

Evermore from parted rays

Spirit-Irises up-spring :

But the bright showers fall always

On my heart-chords vibrating,

And the melody they bring

Thence shall last

When floods are past,

While the soul's a living thing.



TO THE EAGLE.

IMPERIAL bird! that soarest to the sky,
Cleaving through clouds and storms thine upward way,

Or, fixing steadfastly that dauntless eye,
Dost face the great effulgent god of day:
Proud monarch of the feathery tribes of air!

My soul exulting marks thy bold career,
Up, through the azure fields, to regions fair,
Where, bathed in light, thy pinions disappear.

Lo! where thou comest from the realms afar:
Thy strong wings whirr like some huge bellows' breath,—

Swift falls thy fiery eyeball, like a star,
And dark thy shadow as the pall of death!
But thou hast marked a tall and reverend tree,
And now thy talons clinch yon leafless limb;
Before thee stretch the sandy shore and sea,
And sails, like ghosts, move in the distance dim.

Fair is the scene! Yet thy voracious eye
Drinks not its beauty; but with bloody glare

Watches the wild-fowl idly floating by,
Or snow-white sea-gull winnowing the air:
Oh, pitiless is thine unerring beak!
Quick as the wings of thought thy pinions
fall, —

Then bear their victim to the mountain-peak,
Where clamorous eaglets flutter at thy call.

Seaward again thou turn'st to chase the storm,
Where winds and waters furiously roar!
Above the doomèd ship thy boding form
Is coming Fate's dread shadow cast before:
The billows that engulf man's sturdy frame,
As sport to thy careering pinions seem;
And though to silence sinks the sailor's name,
His end is told in thy relentless scream.

Where the great cataract sends up to Heaven
Its sprayey incense in perpetual cloud,
Thy wings in twain the sacred bow have riven,
And onward sailed irreverently proud!
Unflinching bird! No frigid clime congeals
The fervid blood that riots in thy veins;
No torrid sun thine upborne nature feels —
The North, the South, alike are thy domains.

Emblem of all that can endure, or dare,
Art thou, bold Eagle, in thy hardihood!

Emblem of Freedom when thou cleav'st the air —
Emblem of Tyranny, when bathed in blood !
Thou wert the genius of Rome's sanguine wars, —
Heroes have fought and freely bled for thee ;
And here above our glorious stripes and stars,
We hail thy signal wings of LIBERTY !

The poet sees in thee a type sublime
Of his far-reaching, high-aspiring Art ;
His fancy seeks with thee each starry clime,
And thou art on the signet of his heart.
Be *still* the symbol of a spirit free,
Imperial bird ! to unborn ages given —
And to my soul that it may soar like thee,
Steadfastly looking in the eye of HEAVEN.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

No, not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where Fashion assembles her glittering crowd;
Where all is in beauty and splendor arrayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker
maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop and book;
Where oft in her jewels stands proudly the bride,
Unawed by those vows which through life shall
abide.

The building was humble, but sacred to One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'T was there, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her white satin hood:
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low murmured words were recorded in
heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the
board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was
poured ;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom
away ;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep
furrowed cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not
speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's — "*Until death I am
thine !*"

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

COME, child, upon my knee !
The world is strange ;
Tired of its sophistry,
Let me exchange
The wisdom of the great,
To learn of thee —
A child, the kitten's mate —
Life's true philosophy.

Thy heavenly-colored eyes
Are wells of truth ;
In their blue deepness lies
The soul of Youth, —
Untutored yet by Art,
Divinely wise,
Dear Nature's counterpart,
Taught only by the skies.

Turn up to mine that face,
O child of light !
More now than Childhood's grace
Enchants my sight ;

The wise World sees not half
What there I trace ;
Nor hears more in thy laugh
Than its own commonplace.

Thank God for Nature's springs !
When sick at heart
Of all unnatural things,
I turn apart,
Thy spirit, Child, to mine
A pure draught brings ;
I drink, and see from thine
Unfold the Angel-wings.



CHILDREN.

LITTLE children are the flowers
By life's thorny wayside springing ;
Ever to this world of ours
Something fresh and guileless bringing.

They are birds, in whose glad voices,
All the dreary winter long,
The imprisoned heart rejoices,
As in summer's woodland song.

They are stars, that, brightly shining
Through the inner night of sorrow,
Aid the spirit in divining
Something hopeful for the morrow.

They are precious jewels, gleaming
'Mid the cares of manhood's brow —
Woman's bosom more beseeching
Than the diamond's costly glow.

They are wreaths of green, entwining
Hoary grandsire's withered brows ;

Spring with autumn thus combining,
Verdure with life's winter snows.

They are fortune's richest treasure,
Honor's most ennobling fame ;
Sources of a truer pleasure
Than what beareth pleasure's name.

For their meed of soft caressing
Hardy Labor toils with joy ;
" Children are the poor man's blessing,"
They his heart and hands employ.

They, our only gifts immortal,
Live, when dies their earthly name ;
Though we leave them at death's portal,
We our children shall reclain.

WHICH SHALL GO?

A MOTHER sat with her children three;

The Angel of Death drew near:

“I come for one of thy babes,” quoth he, —

“Of the little band, say, which shall it be?

I will not choose, but leave it for thee

‘To give me the one least dear.”

The mother started, with movement wild,

And drew them all close to her heart:

The Angel reached forth and touched the child

Whose placid features, whene’er she smiled,

Reflected the mother’s beauty mild,

“With this one,” said he, “canst thou part?”

“With this one? O God! She is our first-born, —

As well take my life away!

I never lived till that blessed morn,

When she, as a bud, on my breast was worn;

Without her, the world would be all forlorn, —

Spare this one, kind Death, I pray!”

The Angel drew backwards, then touched again ;

This time 't was a noble boy :

“ Will it give thee to part with him less pain ? ”

“ Hold, touch him not ! ” she cried, “ refrain !

He's an only son — if we had but twain —

Oh, spare us our pride and our joy ! ”

Once more the Angel stood waiting there ;

Then he gently laid his hand

On the shining head of a babe, so fair,

That even Death pitied and touched with care ;

While the mother prayed, “ Merciful Heaven, forbear !

'Tis the pet of our little band ! ”

“ Then *which* ? ” — said the Angel — “ for God calls one ? ”

The mother bowed down her head ;

Love's troubled fount was in tears o'errun —

A murmur — a struggle — and Grace had won.

“ Not my will,” she said, “ but Thine be done ! ”

The pet-lamb of the fold lay dead.

THE DYING CHILD.

How calm, how beautiful he lies !
'Neath drooping fringes shine his eyes,
 Like stars in half eclipse ;
As sunlight falls his wavy hair
Across that noble brow, so fair,
That the blue veins seem pencill'd there,
 And curved by Art those lips.

No quivering of the lid or chin
Betrays the final strife within ;
 So noiseless sinks his breath,
That if those cheeks did not disclose
Life's current in the tint of rose
Which, like a bright thought, comes and goes,
 This would seem beauteous death.

Already is the stain of earth,
The stamp of his terrestrial birth,
 Changing for heaven's pure seal ;
The angel's beauty now I see
Painted in sweet serenity,
And that unearthly smile to me
 God's signet doth reveal.

But even here his guileless life,
His path with only flowerets rife,
Almost a cherub's seemed ;
He knew no change from light to shade,
His soul its own glad sunshine made,
Where'er he paused, where'er he strayed,
Light all around him beamed.

If such hath been his life's first dawn,
Oh, what will be the glorious morn,
Just opening on his soul !
Favored of Heaven ! to wear the crown,
Life's weary race to thee unknown,
And sit with laurelled conquerors down,
Who toiled to reach the goal.

But fading is that roseate hue ;
And now cold pearly drops bedew
That brow of heavenly mould ;
Fainter and fainter grows his breath ;
Ah, now 'tis gone ! Can this be death ?
Oh, what so fair the heavens beneath,—
So lovely to behold !

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LAMENT.

OH, what is all this world to me?

Now that my babe is gone?

From every living thing I see

The light of life has flown!

It is not summer to my eyes,

For summer's sun is hid;

He who made fair the earth and skies,

Sleeps 'neath a coffin-lid.

There is no verdure to be seen,

No flowers upon the lea;

For he whose smile made all things green

Hath no more smiles for me.

Now all things wear the sickly hue

Of my own spirit sad,

And nothing can that charm renew

Which made the earth look glad.

Oh, he was such a beauteous boy,

So innocent, so fair;

His every look so full of joy,
Such sunlight in his hair!

That when he nestled to my breast,
And looked up lovingly,
I thought no mother half so blest
In all the world as I.

But now, alas! since he has died,
All day and night I pine,
And never was a heart beside
So desolate as mine.

Here are the toys his little hands
So sportively would use ;
Here now his empty cradle stands, —
Here are his tiny shoes :

Take all away, since *he* is gone,
Save one of his fair curls,
And that shall on my breast be worn,
Set round with costly pearls.

But, like the diamond glistening bright
Upon a withered wreath,
"T will make more dreary by its light
The wasted heart beneath.

THE FLOWERS.

WHERE'ER earth's soil is by the feet
Of unseen angels trod,
The joyous flowers spring up to greet
These messengers of God.

They on celestial errands move
Earth noiselessly to bless,
Oft stooping down in balmy love,
The flowerets to caress.

And thus their breath its fragrance leaves
Among the woodland blooms,
And breathing Sense through flowers receives
Angelical perfumes.

The scarlet or the crimson tips
Which flowery petals wear,
May be the vermeil from the lips
Of angels painted there.

While spirit-whispers safely lie
Within each chalice hid,

That mutely speak to Sorrow's eye
And lift its drooping lid.

And ah, that crystal, glistening clear
Upon the tinted leaf,
May be an angel's holy tear,
Dropt there for human grief.

For ever hallowed then, as fair,
Be all the blessed flowers,
That scent with Heaven's ambrosial air
These fading earthly bowers.

Through flowers Love finds fit utterance,
And Friendship solace lends;
As he who giveth Flowers perchance
An angel's message sends.

GOD'S SMILES.

WHEN Earth from the great Artist's hand
Arose, symmetrical and grand,
 God smiled his work to view!
When, lo! through that blest smile of Heaven,
To Earth the final touch was given,
 And Flowers in beauty grew!

But, when the Fiend of darkness saw
God's mighty work, without a flaw,
 Earth, with her countless flowers,
He, from the gates of Glory barred,
Frowned black revenge, and earth was marred
 By his infernal powers!

Then first the flowers began to fade,
Because God's smile no longer made
 The hills and valleys glad;
Majestic Nature mourned bereaved,
And all the blessed Angels grieved
 To see the earth so sad!

Then the great Artist bade his Son
Repair his master-work, undone

By the infernal powers :
Once more God smiled ! Earth felt renewed,
And all the hills and vales were strewed
Again with heavenly flowers !

And ever since that blessed hour,
The blooming fields, and every flower
That decks the wayside sod,
Have spoken to the human mind
One language, beautiful, refined —
The Flowers are Smiles of God !

TO A MOURNING DOVE.

O FAIR and innocent!
Thou plaintive-toned, thou melancholy dove!
That dost all day thy lonely lot lament,
And mourn thy absent Love.

There is a gentleness,
A touching pathos in thy tender moan,
That makes my bosom long with love's caress
To softly soothe thine own.

And does the sentiment
Of holy love that downy bosom stir?
Is there a *spirit* with thy being blent
That moaneth thus for her?

For her, whom thou didst woo,
In the sweet springtime of love's solitude;
When, unrestrained, thy winning, melting coo
Charmed all the listening wood?

For her, who shared thy nest,
When man's rough hand its gentle loves disturbed,

Who nestled closer to thy sheltering breast,
When fear her own perturbed?

Captives, in one small cage,
Together ye had lived and loved content,
Through half th' allotted time of your brief age,
In sweet imprisonment;

When envious Death approached,
And saw the bliss that he might not enjoy;
So, on its sacred precincts he encroached,
Determined to destroy.

A prisoner, and alone!
The remnant of thy days will soon be spent;
A drop of thy heart's blood steals every moan
From its deep sorrow sent.

Something, lone, turtle-dove!
Beyond instinctive grief appeals to me;
From that bereaved, and faithful heart of love —
A *soul* must dwell in thee.

There's naught in human love
That speaks a sentiment more pure than thine,
It seems all birds, all animals above —
A love *thought* must refine.

And thee I cannot name
With other birds, thou, whom e'en Heaven must
love;
For when to Christ, baptized, the Spirit came,
He took thy form, fair Dove!

A sacred bird thou art;
Thrice sacred in thy sad, bereaved state:
But though each moan seems pleading to my
heart
To bring thee back thy mate;

In vain the soft appeal —
Since I must leave thee to thy fate, lone dove!
Though long thy touching moans this heart shall
feel,
And mourn with thee, thy Love.

LOVE'S VIGIL.

OH! what a night for feeling's flow,
For memory and love ;
The moonlit earth all calm below,
The cloudless sky above !

The silvery river rolls along
Majestic through the vale ;
Its murmur like the pensive song
Of yon lone nightingale.

And from her sapphire throne on high,
Celestial Dian seems
To look with sympathizing eye,
On me, the child of dreams.

Whilst mirrored in her urgent face
Another's gaze I meet,
And almost feel, in Love's embrace,
Another's heart-pulse beat.

Mysterious Night! mysterious Moon!
To melancholy Love

Your presence is a grateful boon —
A blessing from above.

For, like that flower which from the sun
Hides all its sweets, for night,
True Love the garish day will shun,
And seek the moon's soft light.



LOVE AND DOUBT.

'Tis not strange that Love portrayed,
In fair Childhood's form is made:
For, indeed, love undefiled
Is in spirit too a child,
Yielding all its generous heart,
Without forethought, without art;
True itself, and so, without
Even the shadow of a doubt.

Does the infant doubt the breast
Where in dreams he lies at rest?
Does he doubt the eye, that, mute,
Speaks what words may not dispute?
Does he doubt the soft caress
Of unuttered tenderness?
Thus, Love trusts, but asks not why,
For to doubt, would be to die!

Where the doubt is, there's no love.
Love seeks not its truth to prove —
Its own presence is the test
Of the candor in its breast;

For the truth and love must be
Ever an identity :
Love is then a child sincere —
Faith, its food and atmosphere.

Grecian fable Love defined
Not as child alone, but blind !
Though if Love be blind, it feels
More than sight to doubt reveals ;
How to plant its harmless dart
In the sympathetic heart ;
How, untouching, to perceive ;
How unseeing, to believe.

For the child, a god is too,
Potent both to will and do ;
So, that if by conflict tried
With old Doubt — the “jaundiced-eyed” —
Love assumes his godlike form,
Leaving Doubt a vanquished worm !
Where Doubt conquers, all admit
Love was but a counterfeit.

PLATONIC LOVE.

TELL me not that love ideal
Is a thing unknown to earth;
That in Heaven 'tis only real,
Where it had with angels birth.
Is it that this life terrestrial
Naught of Paradise retains?
Is there nothing still celestial,
Which to fallen man remains?

Breathe again, unconscious mortal!
Is there no perfume divine
Wafted here from Eden's portal,
Which can wake that soul of thine?
Know, that if *thou* dost inherit
But material sense alone,
There are senses for the *spirit*
To sublimer natures known.

There's a being immaterial,
By divinest impulse moved;
Which, in essence, though ethereal,
Feels what sense has never proved: —

Feels a love whose bliss supernal
Change and chance may not control ;
Love, that, based on laws eternal,
Is enduring as the soul.

Love, that for another living,
Thence is with new life supplied,
That all sacrificing, giving,
Finds itself all satisfied :
Satisfied, but never sated,
What has love like this, to gain
From delights less sublimated,
With their intervals of pain ?

LOVE'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

ONE sunny day young rosy Love,
For once unarmed by bow and dart,
Came like a downy new-fledged dove,
And nestled gently to this heart.

When, softly whispering in my ear,
In a sweet wooing, silvery tone,
He said, "I've come to linger here,
And be for evermore thine own."

But well I knew the urchin's tricks,
How he from heart to heart would roam ;
And thus contrive his vow to fix
And make in truth my breast his home :

"Go first," I said, "and choose a cage,
Where I may fasten thee secure,
And with caresses I'll engage
To make thy prison sweet as sure."

Away flew Love, as swift as thought,
Among the fairy woodland bowers,

And brought a dainty cage, inwrought
With evergreens and blushing flowers.

“In this,” quoth he, “now will I hide,
So thou but place it next thy heart, —
A willing captive here abide,
And never hence from thee depart.”

“So, rover, thou art caught at last!
And I this cage of fairy shape
Will make with silken chains so fast
That not a spirit could escape.”

’T was thus I spoke, more fond than sure;
For Love had blinded both my eyes,
And through a tiny aperture
Was peeping toward his native skies.

So, when the sly, capricious Cheat
Grew weary of his prison fair,
He through this opening made retreat
And was again as free as air.

Whilst I, sweet words, unconscious, said,
Till, hearing no responsive tone,
I lifted up Love’s prison-lid,
And lo, the fickle rogue was gone!

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

ETERNAL Fame! thy great rewards,
Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master-bards
Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this new world of ours
With its reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race,
Who walked with Nature as with God,
And saw her face to face;
No living truth by them unsung;
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time;
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give a world the thrill
Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In Music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own !
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide !

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade ;
Nor do the way-side flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary traveller's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet filled with odors sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song,
That all with flowers adorns,
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns.
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,

Has blessed the humble poet's name,
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the water-fall
To one by deserts bound,
Making the air all musical
With cool, inviting sound,
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on in caravan
Across the sands of Life.

Yet, not for these alone he sings;
The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings,
And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As Joy itself delights in joy,
His soul finds life in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong.

THE ADVENT.

PEACE brooded o'er earth ; in the distance afar
Had died the harsh echo of clangorous war ;
The heart of the nations from tumult reposed,
The long opened temple of Janus was closed.

Night's canopy over Judea now hung :
The harp of the minstrel lay still and unstrung ;
The shepherds together sat watching the fold,
While round them reigned darkness, and silence,
and cold.

But whence came that shaft, than a day-beam more
bright,
Shot suddenly through the still heart of the Night?
What melody startles her silent domain,
Awaking the echo from mountain to plain?

All the pale winter stars are extinguished as one,
Yet the light that conceals them is not like the
sun ;

It moves with the swiftness of wings, it descends,
While its luminous track the strange music attends !

But cold as the night air of Israel's plains
The blood of the shepherds congeals in their veins ;
They speak not, but heart unto heart beats aloud,
While glory envelopes them all as a cloud.

And now, in their midst, shines an angel of light —
Quick vanishes Fear at the radiant sight !
And hark, in the words of their own native tongue,
“ Good tidings of joy ” by the angel are sung !

“ This day, in the city of David is born
A Saviour, whose birth is Redemption's glad morn ;
No longer through darkness and doubt shall ye
 grope,
In Bethlehem's manger lies Israel's Hope ! ”

A chorus angelic re-echoes in Heaven
The glorious news to the meek shepherds given —
“ Peace, peace and good will unto earth ! ” is their
 song,
While praises to God the loud pæan prolong.

'T is gone, the bright vision — its music hath
 ceased !

But lo, there ariseth a Star in the East ;
O'er the manger it stands in its glory alone, —
The despot beholds it, while trembles his throne.

Oh, awful to him is the radiance mild
That circles the brow of the heavenly Child!
That cradle where Innocence sleeps is his dread,
And Guilt feels the doom that hangs over his head.

But joy to the watchers of Zion! that star,
Predicted and seen by the prophets afar,
Now points with its beams to the place of His birth
Whose kingdom shall rule all the kingdoms of
earth.



LIFE'S SHADOWS.

AN ill wind disturbeth my quiet,
A cloud is obscuring the sky;
Its shadow falls dark on my spirit,
But upward still turneth my eye.

The soul cannot always have sunshine —
It must, like the earth where it dwells,
Be oftentimes sad, when the shadow
A coming storm darkly foretells.

What, if the fair features of Nature
With sunbeams forever were bright,
Would become of the flowers and verdure
That spring up to gladden the sight?

The cloud, which so threateningly lowers,
Its frown in munificence spends,
When softly in affluent showers
To the heart of the soil it descends.

The little seed buried, now quickens
With life that it drank from the shower —

Shoots up into being, and opens
Its blue eye in shape of a flower.

And so, ere the mind's choicest flowers
To beautiful being are brought,
Must darkness engender the showers
That nourish the seedlings of thought.

Clouds are the disguise of good angels,
Whose wings spread abroad o'er the fields;
The darker earth is with their shadow,
The richer the harvest it yields.

So, this cloud that hangs over my being,
May prove as the shadow of wings,
Which bear some kind angel from heaven,
Who blessings disguised to me brings.

Then let me not shrink from the sadness,
That dark on my spirits would lie;
It may soften the soul till it blossoms
With thoughts that are never to die.

AT DAWN.

AFTER A NIGHT OF SUFFERING.

WHAT art thou, O, mysterious Pain !
Who livest on thy victims' tears,
And to the prisoner in thy chain,
Makest the moments seem like years ?

All night thy hideous form has stood
Relentless by this thorny bed—
Watching thy dark, insatiate brood
Plant daggers in my throbbing head.

The more I struggled, tossed, and turned,
The more intense the anguish grew ;
Till all my blood like lava burned,
And every pulse like lightning flew.

Slowly as loaded wheels the hours
Rolled on, while weary, sad, and worn,
Meek Patience wasted all her powers
In looking, longing for the morn.

And now, athwart my curtained room,
Gray streaks are blending with the ray

Of night's lone taper, adding gloom,
Yet welcome as dim signs of day.

Depart, foul Pain! — first-born of Sin —
Thou demon from the pit of woes!
And let Repose, the angel, in,
As Morning's orient gates unclose.

TO A CELEBRATED HARPIST:

ON HEARING HIM IMPROVISE SPRING, AUTUMN, AND WINTER.

I.

STRIKE, strike the harp again!
Its chords thy magic touch obey,
But on my heart-strings dost thou play;
Thy spirit wakes that vernal lay,
And mine repeats the strain.

II.

Strike, strike the trembling chords!
Yet not from their vibration springs
The music which takes shape and wings
Of songsters, whose wild carollings
Are joy's unwritten words.

III.

Strike, strike! from out my heart
Come forth those warblers — every tone
Is shaped by rapture all my own;
My soul with verdure is o'ergrown,
And flowers around me start.

IV.

Strike — thrill me yet again !
This heart is overrun with sweet,
All Spring-time odors in me meet,
Glad sounds, glad sights my senses greet —
Delight swells into pain !

V.

Strike, strike the Autumn dirge !
Lo ! now the flowers begin to die ;
Joy's verdure fades, lone winds sweep by,
Each carol changes to a sigh —
I tread on Winter's verge.

VI.

Hark, now the wintry roar !
Those shivering chords a wailing make ;
How cold that touch ! My senses quake,
O God ! my very heart-strings break —
Nature can bear no more !

VII.

Magician of the lyre !
Is all this through thy sleight of hand ?
Is music in thy power a wand
The human spirit to command,
As suits thine own desire ?

VIII.

No, something more divine !
Thy hands fly o'er the harp like wings,
But unseen fingers wake its strings,
Not Magic's touch — 't is Genius brings
Forth melody like thine.

IX.

Go, in the vernal time,
Go play beside some singing rill —
'T will pause to listen ! Birds shall thrill,
And, with the charmed air, keep still
To catch thy notes sublime.

X.

And when is hushed the strain,
Delighted Nature shall cry "Hail !
Welcome to Orpheus !" hill to dale
Repeating the ecstatic tale,
"The god has come again !"

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

ILLUSTRATED BY AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SCHILLER.

HE paused upon the river's brink, a friendless fugitive,
And in despair's wild moment asked, "Why should

I longer live?"

Deep are these waters, dark and cold, but deeper
is my wo,

And peace, methinks, lies underneath the river's
tranquil flow."

'Twas but a flash of sulphurous light from the
great Tempter's mind,

On sorrow's cloud that sudden gleamed, the poet's
soul to blind.

It passed like lightning — and he saw again a liv-
ing world,

The teeming land, the river free, the snowy sail
unfurled.

The glowing sunset, gilding spire, and mast, and
forest tree,

Shed light on his enshrouded mind — he felt 't was
joy to *be* —

To be *himself*, fair Nature's child, ay, Truth's and
Freedom's own,
Born to a boundless heritage — heir to a laurel
crown !

“ I will not die, but live,” he said, “ while lives the
truth divine ;
For Nature and for Art I'll live — no common life
be mine ;
This deathless spirit wounded now in struggling to
be free,
Shall in its conscious strength arise and claim its
destiny !

“ Not that the sovereign who pursues a rebel with
his frown,
May see my coronet all green, when fades his
ducal crown ;
Not that the sire whose wrath condemned his reck-
less son to shame,
May hail that son brought back in the triumphal
car of Fame ;

“ But that I feel the living soul of Poesy within,
Urging the liberated thought its mission to begin ;
A work eternal bids me on — I cannot, will not
die,
Till the vast deep of human mind shall unto deep
reply ! ”

The traveller to a foreign clime now reverent
stands beside

The noble statue of a bard a nation's love and
pride :

Unto whose living works both worlds in admiration
turn,

Philosophy, through beauty's form and music's tone,
to learn.

In calm, colossal grandeur towers that statue on
the spot

Where once a youthful poet stood to mourn his
hapless lot ;

From whence he fled a fugitive, stamped with the
rebel's name,

There Schiller dead, yet living, speaks his own
immortal fame.

THE BLIND PSALMIST.

I.

HE sang the airs of olden times
In soft, low tones to sacred rhymes,
Devotional, but quaint ;
His fingers touched the viol's strings,
And at their gentle vibratings
The glory of an angel's wings
Hung o'er that aged saint !

II.

His thin, white locks, like silver threads
On which the sun its radiance sheds,
Or like the moonlit snow,
Seemed with a lustre half divine
Around his saintly brow to shine,
Till every scar, or time-worn line
Was gilded with its glow.

III.

His sightless balls to heaven upraised,
As with the spirit's eyes he gazed
On things invisible —

Reflecting some celestial light —
Were like a tranquil lake at night,
On which two mirrored planets bright
The concave's glory tell.

IV.

Thus, while the patriarchal saint
Devoutly sang to music quaint,
I saw old Homer rise
With buried centuries from the dead,
The laurel green upon his head,
As when the choir of bards he led,
With rapt, but blinded eyes!

V.

And Scio's isle again looked green,
As when the poet there was seen,
And Greece was in her prime;
While Poesy with epic fire
Did once again the Bard inspire,
As when he swept his mighty lyre,
To vibrate through all time.

VI.

The vision changed to Albion's shore:
I saw a sightless Bard once more
From dust of ages rise!
I heard the harp and deathless song

Of glorious Milton float along,
Like warblings from the birds that throng
His muse's Paradise!

VII.

And is it thus, when blindness brings
A veil before all outer things,
That visual spirits see
A world within, than this more bright,
Peopled with living forms of light,
And strewed with gems, as stars of night
Strew diamonds o'er the sea?

VIII.

Then, reverend saint! though old and blind,
Thou with the quenchless orbs of mind
Canst natural sight o'erreach;
Upborne on Faith's triumphant wings,
Canst see unutterable things,
Which only through thy viol's strings,
And in thy songs, find speech.

THE FOUR HANDS.

I.

THE *first* is poor, and foul as poor,
By famine shrunk, by crime stained black;
It stretches skinny at your door —
You give it alms, but quick shrink back;
Not that its touch begrimes the skin —
You fear the plague-spot of its sin.

II.

The *second* hath a clean outside —
Soft and inviting is its palm;
You seize it, for it opens wide,
But drop it with a chill and qualm!
Well if you 'scape its sting in time —
Its softness is the serpent's slime.

III.

The *third* is tapering, white and gloved:
Its dainty palm Wealth's hand can hold;
But if to beg lean Want is moved,
It turns the back and grasps its gold:
Worth, Genius strive in Misery's clutch —
This gloved hand opens not to such.

IV.

The *fourth* is broad, sunburnt and tough ;

But honest is its clumsy shake :

Ask, yea despite its manner rough,

Nor fear whate'er it gives to take :

Its goodness reacheth to the bone —

Its bounty is the true heart's loan.

AUTUMN RAIN.

How I love the Autumn rain !
Pattering at my window pane,
With a liquid, lulling tone,
As I sit all day alone,
Thinking o'er and o'er again
Only how I love the rain !

How I love the Autumn rain !
When it brings a thoughtful train ;
When in meditative mood
I enjoy my solitude,
While the full and active brain
Works as busy as the rain.

How I love the Autumn rain !
When, without a care or pain,
I can dream, and dream all day,
(Or with loitering Fancy stray,
Weaving some capricious strain
Musical as Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain !
When gray twilight comes again :

When the flickering hearth-flames dance,
While the shadows dart askance,
Seeming goblins to the brain,
In the dreary Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain !
Pattering at my window-pane,
When upon my bed reposing,
Half in waking, half in dozing,
Then a dulcet music-strain
Seems the pleasant Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain !
Though it come, and come again,
Never does it weary me
With its dull monotony ;
Never on my ear in vain
Falls the pattering Autumn rain.

THE FROST-SPIRIT.

THE autumn sun went down in royal glory,
Tinting the clouds, till all the West did seem
A fairy scene of Oriental story,
Gorgeous and dazzling as a Peri's dream.

Too soon, alas, the bright enchantment faded,
And swarthy giants stood against the sky,
Whose figures here and there earth darkly shaded,
Till Night outstretched her ebon canopy.

Then, one by one were lit the starry tapers,
And in the East a lamp of silver hung;
When, noiselessly as rise the summer vapors,
A Spirit walked the forest leaves among.

Slowly he passed, on every green tree breathing,
While they affrighted not a leaf did stir,
Though, when his breath their branches was en-
wreathing,
Each felt the chillness of the sepulchre.

But morning dawned: the sun uprose in brightness,
And through the stricken woodland sent his
beam;

When, from the countless leaves a veil of whiteness

Glistening a moment, vanished as a dream.

Those flattering rays, with warmth the trees rekindled,

And blushes all the quivering leaves o'erspread;
But unto half its size each one had dwindled,
And that bright color was the hectic red.

Yet Nature, like the glorious dolphin dying,
More beautiful than in her springtime seemed,
And in the still air, while the woods kept sighing,
They with a gorgeousness unearthly gleamed.

The sober ash-tree stood in splendor golden,
The maple in imperial crimson shone;
And the strong-hearted oak, though gnarled and olden,
Put on fantastic colors not its own.

Each shady vale, each wood-crowned mountain hoary,

Peered in new lustre through its veil of mist,
And robbed of emerald hues, earth wore a glory
Lent by the topaz and the amethyst.

Could this be only beauty's hollow semblance,
And seem so real, so divinely fair ?
Ah, every scene was saddened by remembrance
That the Frost-Spirit had been breathing there.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

OLD stricken Year! and must thou die?
Methinks I hear thy waning sigh

Borne on the wintry blast:

My lamp burns dim, and, dim with tears,
My eyes see shadows, where appears
Thy spectre, moving toward the years
That are forever past.

Hark! through the darkness, deep and slow,
The tongue of midnight soundeth now

Thy knell, departing Year!

Mysteriously the numbers roll,
And echo answers from the soul,
To every melancholy toll
That vibrates on the ear.

Hoary and lone, in childless gloom
Old Year, thou goest to the tomb

Where all thy offspring lie:

Fair, budding Spring was first to fade,
Then Summer's blossoms all decayed,
While lingering Autumn only staid
Till ripened age — to die!

But I will mourn for thee, old Year!
And lay an offering on thy bier
 In flowers of poesy;
For many a gift hast thou bestowed
Of love, that fondly, brightly glowed,
Until my swelling heart o'erflowed
 With thankful ecstasy.

And if thou ever hast been stern,
'T was only that the soul might learn
 What discipline imparts.
Thou, like a grandsire old and gray
Hast seemed to me in thy decay,
And now I see thee borne away
 As when a friend departs.

But let a blessing on me fall,
Departing Year, e'en from the pall
 That darkly covers thee;
And lest with sad remorse I grieve,
This heart would one more boon receive, —
 Approving Memory to me leave
 As thy last legacy.

THE WOODMAN.

HE shoulders his axe for the woods, and away
Hies over the fields, at the dawn of the day,
And merrily whistles some tune, as he goes
So heartily trudging along through the snows.

His dog scents his track, and pursues to a mark,
Now sending afar the shrill tones of his bark;
Then answering the echo that comes back again
Through the clear air of morn, over valley and
plain.

And now, in the forest the hale woodman stands,
His eye marks the victims shall fall by his hands;
While true to its aim is the ready axe found,
And quick do its blows through the woodland re-
sound.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many
a storm;
And the sturdy oak shakes, that ne'er trembled
before,
Though the years of its glory outnumber three-
score.

They fall side by side : just as man in his prime
Lies down with the locks that are whitened by
time ;

The trees which are felled, into ashes will burn,
So man, by Death's blow, unto dust must return.

But twilight approaches. The woodman and dog
Come plodding together through snow-drift and
bog ;

The axe, again shouldered, its day's work hath
done,

The woodman is hungry, the dog wants his bone.

Oh, sweet then is home, and the evening repast !
But the brow of the woodman with thought is
o'ercast ;

He is conning a truth to be tested by all, —
That man, like the trees of the forest, must fall.

WINTER.

STORMY Winter comes again,
Bringing snow, and hail, and rain,
Beating 'gainst the window pane,
 Rudely knocking at the door!
Boreas holds to-night a rout :
See the shutters bolted stout,
Fasten all the doors about,
Stormy Winter is without —
 God have mercy on the poor!

On the poor, half-clad in shreds,
Through whose low and leaky sheds
Snows beat down on aching heads,
 Pillowed on the naked floor;
He who looks, may there behold
Side by side, the young and old,
Shriveled arms the babe enfold;
Oh! how dreadful is the cold —
 God have mercy on the poor!

Iron-hearted Winter comes!
Knocks in vain at costly domes,

But he searches through the homes
Scattered on the frozen moor:
There no shutters bolted tight,
Fasten out the stormy night;
There no hearth is blazing bright;
Oh! how desolate the sight —
God have mercy on the poor!

See that famished infant prest
To the fond, but empty breast,
While its mother bends distress,
Dropping tears upon the floor:
THOU who hear'st the raven's cry,
Here look down with pitying eye —
Send them manna from the sky;
Let the birds their bread supply —
God have mercy on the poor!

Hearts, that all encased in gold,
Self-enriching have grown old,
Who have never felt the cold,
Once unbar your bosom's door!
Let Compassion now go forth,
Learn, what ye to learn were loth,
That no luxury of earth
Half true bounty's joy is worth —
Oh, have mercy on the poor!

Hark! the storm is raging yet:
Who beside his fire can sit,
And the sufferer forget

Shivering on a frozen moor?
Ye, who downy pillows press,
Ye, whose limbs soft robes caress,
Pity and relieve distress!
Oh, the storm is pitiless —
God have mercy on the poor!



ODES.





ODES.



TO THE MOON.

I.



MYRIADS have sung thy praise,
Fair Dian, virgin-goddess of the skies!
And myriads will raise
Their songs, as time yet onward flies,
To thee, chaste prompter of the lover's sighs,
And of the minstrel's lays!
And still exhaustless as a theme
Shall be thy name,
While lives immortal Fame,
As when to people the first poet's dream,
Thine inspiration came.

II.

None ever lived, or loved,
Who hath not thine oblivious influence felt,
As if a silver veil hid outward things,
While some bright spirit's wings

Mysteriously moved

The world of fancies that within him dwelt :
Regent of Night ! whence is this charm in thee,
Which sways the human soul with potent witchery ?

III.

When first the infant learns to look on high,
While twilight's drapery his heart appals,
Thy full-orbed presence captivates his eye ;
Or when, 'mid shadows grim upon the walls,
Are sent thy pallid rays,
'T is awe his bosom fills,
And trembling joy that thrills
His tiny frame, and fastens his young gaze.
Thy spell is on that heart,
And childhood may depart,
But it shall gather strength with youthful days ;
For oft as thou, capricious moon,
Shalt wax and wane,
He, now perchance a love-sick swain,
Will watch thee at night's stilly noon,
Pouring his passion in an amorous strain :
Or, with the mistress of his soul,
Lighted by thy love-whispering beams,
In some secluded garden stroll,
Bewildered in Elysian dreams ;
Nor once suspect, while his full pulses move,
'That thou, whom tides obey, may'st turn the tide
of love !

IV.

The watcher on the deep,
 Though weary be his eye,
Forgets even downy sleep,
 When thou art in the sky.
For with thine image on the silvery sea,
A thousand forms of memory
 Whirl in a mazy dance ;
And when he upward looks to thee,
 In thy far-reaching glance
There is a sacred bond of sympathy
 'Twixt sea and land ;
 For on his native strand
That glance awakens kindred souls
 To kindred thought,
And though the deep between them rolls,
 Hearts are together brought ;
While tears that fall from eyes at home,
 And those which wet the sailor's cheek,
From the same sacred fountains come,
 The same emotion speak.

V.

The watcher on the land,
Who holds the burning hand
Of one whom scorching fever wastes,
Beholds thee, rising moon,

With reddened face, expanded in the east,
Till Superstition chills his breast,
While tremulous he hastes
To draw the curtains as thou journeyest on :
But when the far-spent night
Is streaked with dawning light,
Again, to look on thee,
He lifts the drapery,
And hope divine now triumphs over fear,
As in the zenith far
A pale, small orb thou dost appear,
While eastward rises morn's resplendent star,
And Fancy sees the passing soul ascend
Where thy mild glories with the azure blend.

VI.

Even on the face of Death thou lookest calm,
Fair Dian, as when watchful thou didst keep
Love's holy vigils o'er Endymion's sleep,
Drinking the breath of youth's perpetual balm.
Thy beams are kissing now
The icy brow
Of many a youth in slumber deep,
Who cannot yield to thee
The incense of Love's perfumed breath,
For no response gives Death !
Ah, 't is a fearful sight to see
Thy lustre on a human face

Where the Promethean spark has left no
trace !

As if it shone upon
The marble cold,
Of that famed ruin old,
The grand, but empty Parthenon.

VII.

Dian, enchantress of all hearts,
While mine in song now worships thee,
From thy far-shooting bow the silver darts
Fall thick and fast on me :

Oh, beautiful in light and shade,
By thee is this fair landscape made !
Gems sparkle on the river's breast,
Now covered by an icy vest ;

Upon the frozen hills
A regal glory shines ;
And all the scene as Fancy wills,
Shifts into new designs.

Yet night is still as Death's unbroken realms,
And solemnly thy light, wan orb, is cast
Through the arched branches of those reverent
elms,
As though it through the Gothic windows
passed
Of some old abbey or cathedral vast.

VIII.

In awe my spirit kneels,
And seems before a hallowed shrine ;
Yet not the majesty of Art it feels,
But Nature's law divine ;
The presence of her mighty Architect,
Who piled these pyramidal hills sublime,
Which still, pure moon, thy radiance will reflect,
And still defy the crumbling touch of Time ;
Who built this temple of gigantic trees,
Where Nature's worshipers repair
To pray the heart's unuttered prayer,
Whose veiled thought the great Omniscient
sees.

IX.

Oh, I could wonder, and adore
Religious Night, and thee, her queen,
Till golden Phœbus should restore
His splendor to the scene !
But the same natural laws control
Thy motions and the poet's will ;
So that while tireless roves the soul,
This actual life must weary still.
Oh then, inspirer of my song,
While close these eyes upon thy beams,
Watching, amid thy starry throng,
Be thou the goddess of my dreams.

TO THE SEA.

I.

VAIN would it be
To summon from the grave Time's first-born year,
Thine age to tell, oh, hoary Sea!
Or vainer still to question thee;
For in thy voice alone I hear
ETERNITY! ETERNITY!

II.

Before ethereal light's first dawn,
Ere earth's primeval day was born,
The evening and the morn,
"God's spirit moved upon the waters' face:"
Had they eternally in darkness rolled,
Filling the universal space,
And unto reigning Night their mysteries told?

III.

Oh, how omnipotent that voice
Which from the land divided thee,
Which said, "Here stayed let thy proud billows
be!"
And how did they rejoice

When light from ebon darkness first
In its full glory on them burst!

How did thy caverns, yawning sea,
Reverberate with hoarse astonishment

When breathing life was through them sent—

When finny tribes there glided gracefully,
Exulting in their native element;

Or spouting monsters first were made,

Which all the watery realms as monarchs swayed!

IV.

Stupendous mountains from thy shore upreared;

Majestic rivers were through valleys sent,

And mighty cataracts thundering went

O'er rocks, whose jutting peaks like towers appeared;

Mysterious forests moved unto the wind,

As sway to unseen powers thy waves;

And dismal as thy secret caves,

Were labyrinths under arching boughs entwined:

Ay, all created things were great as "good,"

And yet, on all, save thee,

Was "THE BEGINNING" written—while thy flood

Spake audibly its own ETERNITY!

V.

And beautiful were hills and vales,

And lakelets sleeping 'neath the cloudless blue,

And groves stirred gently by the summer gales,
And flower-enameled fields of every hue ;
But nothing in the six days' work was made,
In wonderment to equal thee —
Thou pre-existent sea !
In which all charms of Nature were displayed,
Each reigning in God's chosen time —
The beautiful, the tranquil, the sublime.

VI.

Creation now is old :
Ages on ages since its birth,
Like thy successive tides, have rolled,
Sweeping off nations from the earth ;
But chronicled on history's page
Is every buried age ;
Whilst thou, unchronicled, dost never deign
To keep with Time a reckoning, peerless Main !

VII.

What are to thee
The millions that have perished in thy flood,
The navies that have dyed thy breast with blood,
Remorseless Sea ?
The broken hearts that weep upon thy shore
For lost ones, which in vain their tears deplore —
For treasures that thy depths will not restore ?

What is the wealth of life, or shining dust,
That venturous man gives thee in trust,
 When once in reckless wrath
Thou challengest the winds of heaven?
They to thy monsters' jaws are given,
While on thy trackless waves they leave no path.

VIII.

Thou, overwhelming Sea!
That unto the bereaved a terror art,
 Dost plaintive language speak to me,
Softening my inner heart;
 I hear an under-tone,
 A low, complaining moan,
From far beneath the surface sent,
Between thy bursts of boisterous merriment:
 Such music ever on thy shore
 The poet's soul may hear —
Tones thought-suggesting lingering in his ear;
 Or scenes of beauty, changing evermore,
 His sight entrance,
 As sunset's glance
Crimsons thy far-stretched surface o'er;
 Or as fair Morning's opening eyes
 The waters tinge with saffron-dyes;
 Or Dian's beams across the wave
 A pathway of pure silver pave:

And oh, when in their stormy majesty,
Thy free, wild billows tower above control,
How the sublimest sense of poesy
O'erpowers the soul.

IX.

Thou solemn, ever-sounding Sea!
Still, as I linger at thy side,
I hear that word, ETERNITY,
From every swelling tide:
God only knows thy ancient date —
He keeps the records of thy fate;
And though thou heedest not man's trump of fame,
And with one wave
Canst wash from off the sands of Time his name,
And hide from sight his grave;
There is a trumpet that will summon thee
To yield thy hoarded dead, sepulchral Sea!
And when the angel of all time shall stand,
"One foot on sea and one on land,"
Thy waves will tremble to their farthest shore
As sounds his oath that "*Time shall be no more.*"

TO BEAUTY.

I.

BRIGHT emanation of divinity!
Pervading spirit of the universe!
Soul of all thought that, linked to harmony,
Mind's realm can people with fair shapes di-
verse ;
Co-equal, co-existent twin of truth,
Blooming, like Hebe, in immortal youth,
Yet ancient as eternal years ;
Thou who inhabitest celestial spheres,
And since through space their music rang,
As they Creation's birthday sang,
Hast earth in forms unnumbered trod,
And left the flowers, thy footprints, in the sod :

II.

Smile now on me ;
Thy living presence let me see,
Thine unveiled loveliness behold
With all a poet's ecstasy,
In phases manifold !
O'ershadow me, as did the Infinite
The sacred Virgin, — let my brain conceive

And bring such breathing offspring to the light,
As with thine image shall thy name receive.

III.

Ethereal Beauty ! not until thy spirit
Came, a pure effluence from the breath of God.
Did blooming Nature youthful joy inherit,
Or the Creator call creation "good ;"
Not till thy glory crowned the mountain's brow,
Covered the valleys o'er with green,
In the blue firmament was seen,
In sparkling fount, or streamlet's flow,
Or in the golden wings
Of countless birds, whose carolings
Saluted first the bending, listening skies,
Did angels look and smile on Paradise ; —

IV.

On Eden, thy fair dwelling-place,
Where thou incarnate didst become
In woman's perfect form and face
Light of love's sinless home !
No marvel is it then, that still
Thine earliest bodily shape at will
Thou dost assume, to bless earth's eyes
With glimpses yet of Paradise ;
For, thanks to Heaven, whose incensed word,
Whose flaming sword

Against the hapless pair were sent,
Thou with them didst remain,
The all of Eden that they might retain,
And half beguile the woe of banishment.

V.

Destruction could not thee destroy;
Thou wentest forth upon the white dove's wing,
Over death-peopled floods, a living thing,
Bright harbinger of joy!
In the olive leaf of green,
Pledge of peace, thy smile was seen;
To the Iris, spanning heaven,
All thy hues of light were given,
And the power of Beauty's form
In that arch subdued the storm.

VI.

Ay, from Time's birth till now,
Through every shifting scene,
Thou hast been Nature's queen,
Her glittering stars upon thy brow,
And silver orb serene;
Seasons have passed in rapid flight,
Whilst thou the same, forever bright,
Hast only changed with them thy dress,
Robing in colors now, and now in white,
Thy native loveliness.

VII.

See Spring advancing with her flowery train,
She looks the queen, but owns thy sovereign reign !

 The azure of her eye
 Is thy cerulean dye ;
The plumage that her songsters wear
Was painted by thy pencil fair ;
The rose's tint, the lily's form,
The shining wings that lift the worm,
The blossoms decking every tree,
 The clover springing in the fields,
Each blade of grass that shoots up free,
 And every flower the wayside yields,
Are but expressions all of thee !

VIII.

The summer shower, that makes the corn re-
 joice,
 The harvest waving to the soft southwest ;
The little brook that lifts its tuneful voice,
 And bids the laborer drink and be re-
 freshed ;
The sportive lightning of the evening cloud,
 Playing with Jove's bright weapons harm-
 less freaks ;
The fire-flies, that with stars the night air
 crowd,

And glow-worm's light, that through the crevice
breaks,

All bring thy radiance to the visual mind,
And he who these beholds, and sees thee not, is
blind !

IX.

The Autumn leaves, before they pass away,
A richer glory wear,
That thou for dying Nature dost prepare ; —
The golden hue of setting day,
Or crimson blush,
Like hectic flush

Upon the wasted cheek ;
For even death through thee doth speak,
And life's low orb illumine the waiting shroud,
As Autumn's sinking sun makes beautiful the cloud.

X.

When Winter over earth a pallor brings,
Thou lightest up the wan and cheerless scene
With the effulgence of thy smile serene,
And makest real all unreal things ;
Covering the leafless, frozen stems
With snow-wreaths or resplendent gems,
And indurating all the streams,
Till each a crystal pathway seems,
So that e'en Nature, in her shroud of white,

With thy undying radiance still is bright ;
Whilst thou in splendor, to delusive sense,
Art greatest then, though least in true munificence.

XI.

The hoary Deep is in thy presence young,
What time fair breezes sweep the waves along,
Or sway with undulating motion
The tranquil bosom of the ocean,
Or when its phosphorescent light
Illumes the curtain of the night ;
Nor can the wrathful demon of the storm
Chase thee in terror from the frantic waves,
On whose white crests still towers thy radiant
form,
Pointing to heaven, above a sea of graves.
The cataract's glory is thine own,
Its ceaseless flood thy moving throne ;
Thou art the spirit of the spray,
Robed in the splendor of the day,
Or melting into mist away ;
Then reappearing with the full-orbed moon,
A silver arch at night's mysterious noon.

XII.

And, Beauty, not through Nature's forms alone
To shaping Art are thy impressions given ;
Thy intellectual light to him is shown

Whose soul of genius up to thine hath striven ;
He, too, with vision more intense
Beholds thee than the eye of sense,
And makes the marble, with thy features wrought,
Speak at his touch thy deep, unwritten thought!

XIII.

Absent from natural sight thy form may be,
Yet rise a model to the painter's mind,
As Aphrodite, from the foamy sea,
Rose the ideal fair of womankind :
Enraptured by the vision, now his hand
Wields not the pencil, but th' enchanter's wand ;
See, at its movement, how the canvas glows, .
Till from dead form thy living presence grows !
The artist to his own creation kneels, —
'T is thy divinity, O Beauty ! that he feels.

XIV.

So blends thy spirit with the soul of Art,
So Art immortal must become,
And with its presence bear Devotion's heart
Upward to Beauty's home, —
To heaven, whence thou wert only sent
As earth's refining visitant :
And when the vocal spheres,
That welcomed Nature's birth
With high, harmonious mirth,

Her dirge shall sing in the Eternal's ears,
Thou, Beauty, from earth's sepulchre shalt rise
 A radiant spirit to the skies,
To grace thy native Heaven for evermore,
And Art to the great Architect restore.



TO HEALTH.

I.

REVIVIFYING Power!

Invisible, save in the mantling cheek,
Whose roses fresh thy living presence speak,
Bright soul of Beauty's bower!
Redundant giver of all vital wealth,
Where art thou, ruddy, radiant, jocund Health?

II.

Goddess divine!
Once could I call thee mine;
Oh! blessed hours, when with the morning lark
My soul to thy rejoicing call might hark;
When life, renewed again,
Rioted in each vein,
And to my bounding feet
I sprang at thy drum-beat,—
The pulses of a heart with ecstasy replete!

III.

Then didst thou lead me forth
To brush from flowery chalices the dew,—
To fill my eye with beauty opening new
In the awakening earth:

Then not a bird that soared on high,
Felt more the liberty of wings,
Or more exulted in his carolings,
Than in young life and freedom's bliss, did I!

IV.

Each joy of Nature was renewed in me :
Her rising sun was Hope,
Which all my future path did ope
With golden prospects, that gleamed daz-
zlingly ;
The fountain's leaping jet,
The dance of rivulet,
Were the ecstatic motion of my frame ;
The cooing of the dove
Was the low voice of love,
That from my bosom came ;
The song of every bird
An echo in me stirred ;
And all my mind with budding thought was
rife,
As fields where laughing blossoms sprung to
life.

V.

But now alas, I pine,
Thou art no longer mine !

No more thy angel, downy Sleep,
Gently my eyelid presses,
Nor in his soft caresses
From troubled dreams my rest will keep:
No more thou comest at the dawn
To lead me forth on dewy lawn,
To bid my heart with rapture swell,
And through each thrilling fibre, tell
The earth, the air, the sea, the sky,
They are not happier than I!
The Spring is beauteous as of yore,
And Nature, multiform,
Bursting to verdure as before,
Gladness to all things doth restore —
To beast, to bird, to worm:
And yet to me, her face seems shaded,
A glory from the earth hath faded:
Oh, 't is not changed, this soul in me,
Which joyous tones no longer stir;
For as I've been, I still must be
Nature's devoutest worshiper.

VI.

It is this mortal makes the spirit blind?
This tenement which thou, O Health, hast left,
Through whose dull windows only can the mind
Look on the earth, and so it seems bereft

Of half the beauty that I felt
Once in its hills and valleys dwelt.
Fain would I now go forth at eventide
To watch some pensive streamlet glide,
Or join in Nature's vesper-hymn
As twilight's shadows gather dim,
Sending my evening prayer on high
Ere Dian lights anew the sky ;
But even this melancholy joy
No longer is my blest employ :
The tenant stern that came
With thy departure, Health,
Taking possession as by stealth,
Of this slow-wasting frame,
Forbidding barriers to its doors hath given,
That shut me from the free, the blessed air of
heaven.

VII.

Oh, liberating Health !
Giver of truest wealth,
Alike dispensed to body and to mind,
Unto thy prostrate suppliant list,
Thou friend of Freedom and mankind,
Heaven-sent philanthropist !
Come yet again to me,
And set a prisoner free,
Who, fettered by disease, pines, *pines* for liberty !

VIII.

For freedom such as fills the sky-lark's wings,
Forever soaring heavenward, while he sings
 A song that gladdens still the earth
 Where all his downy loves have birth:
For freedom, like the wild flower's bliss,
Imparted by the breeze's kiss —
By the broad sun's enlivening ray,
That shines for all the livelong day,
And by the genial showers, that fall
With life-restoring gifts for all.

IX.

Come, Health, and close the yawning tomb,
Re-tinge my fading cheek with bloom,
And earth again shall blossom as the rose ;
 The hill, the vale, the glen,
 Smiling anew, will then
Their countless beauties unto me disclose.
 Aurora shall be worshiped as before,
And sunset paint me fairy scenes once more ;
 With youthful Spring
 I'll dance again
To Nature's lute of finest string,
 Touched by her feathered train ;
With Summer's insects hum a tune,
And sip the flowery sweets of June ;

Or hail the crimson and the purple dress
Of Autumn, in his regal gorgeousness.

X.

Earth's choicest blessings now
In vain their smiles bestow,
Since thine is lost which brightened all :
For what is Love without thy rosy light ?
A bodiless spirit of the night —
Spectre of past delight,
Whose sensuous form is hidden by a pall.
And what is Childhood's voice,
That made the mirth-attuned ear
And the glad heart rejoice ?
The ringing of some festive bell
To the lone prisoner in his cell ;
The sound of reckless laughter, near
The soul of Grief — the falling tear,
And measured step of Woe behind the bier.

XI.

Thou Life of life, thou Joy of joy, —
Theme that might every pen employ !
Bright sun of being, whose reviving ray,
Like April's, bringeth from decay
Flowers that make glad the face of day !
Shine, shine on me !
Oh, permeate this heart's sterility,

And bring forth blossoms in the light of
heaven,
Whose redolence to Love and Friendship shall be
given !

Let me have power to bless
The hearts, whose warm caress
Should all love's rapture in my own revive ;
But how can the unblessing spirit thrive ?
Since he who cannot pleasure give,
By Nature's changeless law, no pleasure can receive.

XII.

O faculty divine !
Joy, that imparting, still receiveth joy !
And shall Disease's worm the power destroy ?
And still my spirit pine
In vain, for Freedom's wings,
Nor feel replenished life's well-springs,
That joy may overflow, and bless
All whom I love with happiness ?
Exuberant Health ! through every purple vein
Send thy fresh, vital current yet again ;
Set on elastic springs once more
This languid frame, and let each pore
Be unto thee an entrance-door.

XIII.

Then shall my soul unfettered, gushing forth,
A living fountain be of grateful song,

Rising to heaven its source, then showering earth,
Till on its borders green a flowery throng
Of fragrant, fair affections spring to birth.

And, Goddess of the nectared cup divine!

A lay of thanks I pledge to thee

In pure Olympian wine;

And though it lack the soul of poesy,

The deathless soul, that ancient poets fired,

By Gratitude's warm spirit shall it be,

If not immortal, none the less inspired.

TO POESY.

I.

OH, whence and what this influence,
That silent and mysterious moves the soul;
Or sways, as with imperial control,
The realm of Beauty and domain of Sense?
Spirit invisible, thyself proclaim!
We call thee Poesy, and love the name;
But, like that Power which stirs the air,
Thou art unseen, though everywhere,
Stirring the faculty divine
Of deathless thought — of shaping intellect,
Till its creations Heaven's fair forms reflect,
And with imperishable glory shine.

II.

Oh, I have felt thee in the secret place,
Dark with the shadow of thy wings,
Yet starry with imaginings
Which thine electric presence woke!
Yea, I have met thee face to face,
But saw no form, nor voice the silence broke,
While mystic language to my spirit spoke.

III.

When but a worm, encrusted by the shell
Of rigid, cumbrous Form, oppressed by Fear,
Like sun and dew thine effluence on me fell,
Then, quickening, the enfranchised soul rose
clear,
And felt itself by wings upborne
Into the glorious morn
Of a new being, earnest, real, free;
Then had I ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And oh, then first I knew and worshiped thee,
My liberator — my inspirer, Poesy !

IV.

For thou to me art not the airy spirit
Of Gracefulness alone,
Giving to empty words a music-tone ;
Captive unto dulcet measures,
Making Fancy's world of treasures ;
Nor, as a halo o'er things outward thrown ;
But the deep inner gift that I inherit —
For which to Heaven high gratitude I own —
The power that can in its own nature find
That which can fathom all the human mind.

V.

Inspiration is thy name !
Fire, that from the vital flame

Of the empyrean came,
Kindling the hoary prophets of past days,
When visions of the future they beheld ;
While with its fervid warmth the bards of eld
Glowed, as their lyres sent forth undying lays.
From the altar of the soul
Touched by thee,
Clouds of sweetest incense roll
Up to Immortality :
Divinest frenzy overpowers the brain —
It reels inebriate to its own wild strain !
What are the drug's exciting fumes,
The rapturous lunacy of wine,
To that ecstasy divine
Which all the brow with light illumines,
When once thou dost the soul inspire
With thy pure, inextinguishable fire !

VI.

Hence ! ye who never felt
The quickening pulses of a poet's bliss ;
Who on the mount of vision never dwelt,
Nor visited in dreams a world save this ;
Who, strangers to the realms ideal,
See in the actual, the real ;
Oh, come not near the secret of their joys
Who walk the earth unconscious of its dust,
While coining gold no "moth nor rust,"

Nor cankering time destroys !
Who live on "angels' food," — but eat perchance a
 crust, —
 And idle seem,
 As those who dream,
While work eternal their great thought employs.

VII.

Alas, celestial Poesy !
That minds profane with scornful thought should
 dare
To desecrate the temple where
 Thy spirit may indwelling be.
As if the poet's brain were but a shrine
 Where images fantastic dwell ;
 Where Sense and Reason, through some
 spell,
To vain idolatry their powers resign.

VIII.

O Poesy, transforming Poesy !
Spiritual alchymist — 't is thine
To transmute the material that we see,
 To immaterial essences divine :
 Thy laboratory is the mind,
 In which corporeal elements, refined
Through the Imagination are infused
 Into the rarer elements of soul,

To be again by Thought creative used
In some harmonious work of art,
Where every fitting part
Blendeth in union with the perfect whole.

IX.

Thy voice mysterious I hear
From the deep heart of earth ; from every flower
Its music sings to the accordant ear,
No less than when its thunder-tone of power
From ocean's depths inspires sublimest fear :
It is thy breath, sweet Poesy,
That, like to zephyrs soft as free,
Stirs the Æolian harpstrings of the soul,
Moistening even the stoic's eyes
With such potent melodies,
As sway all passions, and all hearts control.

X.

The poet holds, through thee, a royal claim
On whatsoe'er beneath the impartial sun
His ravished vision rests upon :
Ye, who fields of affluence show,
And see in them your golden fame,
Who boast your blooming landscapes —
know,
They're only yours in name !
The bard's enraptured, all-absorbing eye

Drinks in their effluent beauties, which his soul
With a perpetual verdure will supply ;

His grasping mind retains

The wealth, whose sordid gains
Alone, through life's brief lease your hands control :

Ye see but hills, and vales, and groves, and
streams,

Whereon are shadows of your greatness
thrown ;

He sees Truth's harmony, that through them
beams —

That by affinity elective is his own.

XI.

But when thy spirit o'er the deep

Of mental darkness moves,

From Chaos into light and being leap

Far brighter worlds than this,

Where free the poet's vision roves —

The land of Dreams is his !

There in the mazy walks of Allegory

He weaves the intricate, prophetic story,

Where baleful passion, breeding blood and
crime,

Through wars destructive storms ;

Or the redeeming virtues, chaste, sublime,

Embodied rise in breathing forms.

So in deep visions rapt Isaiah portrayed
The star-watched scenes that were in Bethlehem
laid ;
So HE, whose birth
There blessed rejoicing earth,
Through parables made truth divine
With ray convicting shine,
As through the concentrating glass
With burning potency the sunbeams pass :
So whether, Poesy, thou dost inspire
The loftier story of the epic lyre,
Or sing in mystic fables through the brain,
Truth, which thou art, is still the key-note of thy
strain.

TO TIME.

I.

PAUSE, rapid Charioteer !

Rein in the wingèd coursers that propel
Thy rolling car along this nether sphere ;
Look back o'er trampled centuries, and tell
The history of thy ravaging career !

In vain — no pause in thy progressive flight !

Twin-born with alternating Light,
Yet unto thee the same are day and night ;
Onward thy chariot through darkness speeds.
Onward at morn still press thy tireless steeds.

II.

But mightier than swift thy course, O Time !

Thou scatterest broadcast the seeds
Which grow to cities, empires, arts sublime,
O'ermastering science, and illustrious deeds.

Creator, and destroyer thou !

To thee the monumental tower uprears ;
To thee, too, sacred temples bow ;
Thy mouldering touch lays low
What Genius planned, what Art reveres ;

Even pyramids, the pride of untold years,
By thee are doomed to crumble sure as slow.

III.

Successive nations are the harvests ripe
Which thy wide-sweeping scythe cuts down,
For Death to gather in, with icy gripe,
And garner, whilst earth's fields are newly
sown.

Summon thy buried ages, Time!
From east to west, from south to north —
From every kingdom, every clime,
Bid shades of centuries come forth.

They come! they come!

A mighty throng
Stretched far along —

In mailed armor some;
Some wrapt in clouds of mysticism;
Some in impervious shades of error,
Some with the brazen front of Atheism,
And bloody tokens of the reign of terror;
Some bearing grotesque forms of Superstition;
Some bloated with a sensual creed,
And some, from doubt and falsehood freed,
All radiant with Truth's unclouded vision.

IV.

"The Golden Age," gleams out afar,
Through mists, as shines a distant star:

Brightest and first of ages, when
Immortals dwelt with mortal men!
Perpetual Spring adorns with flowers
Its verdurous vales, its blissful bowers;
Titanic shapes in grandeur tower,
And Saturn reigns supreme in power:
Fair was thy youth, O Time! though now,
Hoary and scarred, wrinkled and sere art thou!

V.

See, from the borders of the dingy Nile
Thy firstborn age of Art arise!
Whose monster-gods, whose unclean rites defile
The sculptured stone, the massive pile,
Which still salute the skies:
Brief age, whose arts outlive in fame
A race that in a day rose, and extinct became.

VI.

But lo, from Greece comes forth thy pride of
ages!
A long array of poets, conquerors, sages,
Anew to life and glory start,
Led on in triumph by immortal Art:
How radiantly they shine,
Circled by gods and nymphs divine, —
Hail, Classic Age, the palm is thine!
The Muses follow in thy train, —
Fair Poesy is young again;

Arcadian vales their bloom renew,
And sacred groves and streams refresh the view :
Chaste columns stand
In majesty how grand !
O desecrating Time —
Despoiler of all works sublime !
How did'st thou dare invade fair Greece, that
hallowed clime ?

VII.

Conqueror of conquerors, thou !
Imperial Rome's proud Eagle tried
In vain to conquer thee — in vain defied
Thy sweeping car to bow
In dust its spreading wings of pride :
One cycle of thy wheels rolled by —
And Rome's aspiring bird no longer cleaves the
sky !

VIII.

Thou ravager of all material charms !
Pleasure and Pride thy wrinkling touch alarms ;
Beneath it fade the tints of cheek and lip —
The roundness mutable of outward form,
And all the sweetness that young Love would
sip,
By thee are destined for the worm.
Alas ! the dewy bud no sooner swells,

Opening in fragrance to the full-blown rose,
Than the rich veins upon its leaves disclose
The purple ripeness which decay foretells:
Thy law yields Beauty but one little day;
Thy passing breath
Consigns to death
All loveliness that blossoms in its way;
But inborn beauty shall defy thee, Time,
And bloom above thy grave in an unfading clime.

IX.

So Genius triumphs o'er thy might,
And, in its heaven-aspiring flight,
Above thy devastating car will soar
Into the limitless, the infinite,
There still to live, when "Time shall be no more!"
For thou, effective healer of all woe,
Great humbler of all human pride,
Whose wheel of fortune lifteth up the low,
And levels slave and monarch side by side;
When all thine ages drop into the tomb,
Thyself must perish in the final doom;
The angel's oath is destined then to be
The knell that drowns thee in Eternity.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

I.

TELL me, O Muse ! if yonder punctual sun
Greets with his universal beams
An earthly sight so fair to look upon,
One that so pure, so worthy Heaven seems
As a great people of all sects, all ranks,
In the sublime employ of giving thanks?
Or, does high Heaven a savor smell more sweet
Than grateful incense from the general heart,—
That smoke in which the breath of millions meet,
To which the humblest soul may lend a part?
Ye myriads, who in bright array
Surround the Eternal's throne to-day —
Ye, the redeemed from every tribe of earth,
Who sing the glories of your second birth!
What is so near the echo of your song,
As strains which unto gratitude belong?
What is so like the ecstatic lays
Which sinless joy inspires,
Chanted forever by angelic choirs,
As thanks that human lips upraise, —
What blendeth heaven with earth, like Praise?

II.

Praise ! the first note that charmed the Universe —

With whose glad melody the concave rang

When morning stars together sang !

May we then, in these later years —

Unblamed may human tongues rehearse

The music of the spheres ?

Oh hail, the privilege ! the day that brings

For man's divinest thought celestial wings ;

That gives to grateful impulse flight

Up to the Fount of life and light,

The Source of every earthly good —

The moving soul of gratitude !

III.

A myriad-stringèd lyre

Would fail in numbers to relate

The blessings which to-day we celebrate —

That might an angel's harp inspire !

Oh where shall finite thought commence

To trace the number infinite ?

Or measure the circumference

Of God's united gifts, that rise to sight

Piled as a mountain, towering, immense !

IV.

Existence is itself a joy

To thousands, who forget to give

Praise for the air that lets them live ;
To use the free breath given
In gratitude's employ,
Giving it back again in thanks to Heaven.

Father Supreme !
This day remembrance of life's gift revives,
And who will fail to bless Thee that he lives —
That life is real — not a dream !

V.

Hygeia, blooming goddess ! thou
Art here with roses on thy brow,
To grace our feast, and with approving smile
Sweetenest the ruddy fruits, the while,
Which fair Pomona gives ;
Bidding her from the fragrant vine
Bring juicy grapes, pure Nature's wine,
That best the heart revives.
For every luxury which Autumn yields,
For gathered harvests from the affluent fields,
For all the needful ministers of sense,
Meek Gratitude, be thou Heaven's recompense.

VI.

And thanks, deep thanks, for intellectual gifts ;
For all that over sense the soul uplifts ;
For food that mental strength supplies,
The nourishment of thought,

From Truth's rich storehouse brought,
Or, that in universal Nature lies ;
For Beauty, whose o'ershadowings
Throw on the mind fair forms of outward things,
As to the deep and tranquil lake are given
The radiance and the changeful clouds of heaven.
For inborn beauty, which can throw
A lustre, a superior glow
On each external thing, —
The spirit's matchless coloring,
Its own ethereal hues,
Through which the eye surrounding Nature views.

VII.

And oh, for holy Love !
The heart, from its outgushing well,
Poureth libations to the God above,
Who sees emotions that no words may tell ;
For "God is love," and love refined,
An emanation from his effluent mind —
The purest sentiment that reaches humankind ;
Chief of the Graces ! in whose nature meet
All virtues — every good ;
Thou who didst o'er our hearth-stones brood,
Guarding each social sweet !
Still as a guardian bend above us,
Still as a holy impulse move us ;
This day expand our hearts, that we, receiving,

May give again, and Want and Woe relieving,
Best prove our gratitude for Thee ;
Thou, who by either name,
Forever art the same,
Opening the heart as Love — the hand as Charity !

VIII.

Thou, too, Love's fairest offspring, heavenly Peace !
Theme of the welcome song
By angels warbled to the shepherd throng,
How thy mild harmonies our strains increase !
A nation's heart thy praise would sing,
And grateful tribute for thy blessings bring :
No clarion-peal,
Serenest Peace, dost thou inspire ;
But 't is thy spirit that I feel
Stirring the softer lyre !
Still, as the year's brief seasons passed,
Thine olive-leaf hath crowned
Our festal pleasures to the last,
And still our borders with thy flowers abound.

IX.

The exhaustless theme of praise
Outswells all limits and all lays !
Oh for the harp that Israel's songster swept,
Whose tones sublime,
To Inspiration's lead majestic stept,

And with Heaven's bounty ever kept
Harmonious time !

“ Give thanks ! give thanks ! ” that bard inspired
yet cries,

“ Give thanks ! ” all Nature with one voice re-
plies ;

This swelling heart alone
For full expression vainly tries,
Awaking no responsive tone
Meet to convey emotion to the skies ;

The song of praise which it uplifts,
An insect's whisper seems by life's great gifts ;
But thanks to God All-wise !

Feeling that here the feeblest voice can raise,
Full utterance shall find in Heaven's eternal praise.

ODE ON HEAVEN.

I.

BLEST land of promise ! from what Pisgah height
May the entranced, the upborne spirit see
Thine immaterial glories opening bright,
And far extending to immensity ?
Fair Canaan's land of living springs,
Of palm-crowned hills, of verdant plains,
Of olives, figs, and almond-blossomings,
Of milk and honey, wine, and ripened grains,
Only a feeble type can be,
To aid the soul's imaginings
Of that celestial clime which none may see
Until divested of mortality.

II.

But fruits, like Eshcol's grapes, are sent
From that far promised home —
A solace to earth's pilgrims lent,
A foretaste of the sweets to come :
The weary soul drinks in new wine
From these rich clusters of delight —

The juices of the heavenly vine,
And feels the influence divine
Of sacred vineyards yet beyond his sight.

III.

HEAVEN, charmèd word! comprising all
That heart desires, that thought conceives,
Or faith in the unseen believes;
Sum of delights that never pall,
Rejoicing more, the more the soul receives!
We ask not Heaven's locality,
We ask not if a *place* it be;
Enough to know that 't is a state
Of purity immaculate,
Of freedom, blessedness supreme,
Wherein the ransomed soul indeed is free,
Which here of liberty did only dream,
While groaning in corporeal slavery.

IV.

Heaven is deliverance from corruption's stain;
It is man's primal glory to regain —
Fair and eternally to shine
An image of the perfect, the divine:
Heaven is an absence from repulsive mind,
From uncongenial fellowships of earth;
It is association free, refined,
With spirits of co-equal birth:

Heaven is exemption from encumbering care;
It is in that sublimer work to share,
For which brief intervals the spirit found
'Mid human life's dull weary round:

Heaven is relief from every pain —

From weakness, from decay;

It is unfailing strength to gain,

And youth's unfading day:

Heaven is release for those who weep;

It is to have God wipe away all tears,

And harvests full of joy to reap

From seed by sorrow watered lingering years;

Heaven is to dread no more

The strife of parting breath;

It is to gain the victory o'er

That last grim monster, Death!

Heaven is to change all woe for weal,

Nor fear that wasting time will bliss destroy;

It is immortal life to feel

In every bounding pulse of joy!

v.

Heaven is perpetual peace:

Its pure, progressive joys begin

When to the soul earth's tumults cease;

When distant is the din

Of troublous throngs —

Of babbling Babel-tongues;

When from the whirling, whizzing wheels
Of daily toil the mind is clear ;
When ribaldry, profanity, and laughter-peals,
No longer vex the ear ;
When no discordant sound or scene
Breaks in upon the soul serene ;
Then to its satisfaction will be given
The rest, the true repose of Heaven.

VI.

Heaven is the perfectness of love :
Its warm outgoings, full, and free
From selfishness, or weak inconstancy ;
Its sweet incomings, sweeter yet to be,
Oft as the spirit their delights shall prove :
If love, where'er to mortals given,
Can make a heaven of earth,
Then love the essence is of Heaven,
Immortal in its birth, —
A part of the pervading soul above,
For God himself is LOVE.

VII.

These are the grateful glimpses given,
But not the all in all of Heaven !
Ah ! where shall faith fit language find,
Or how the Muse supernal rise
To sing the higher ecstasies
Of full communion with the Eternal mind !

If only veiled Mortality can gaze
Upon the earth-descending rays
Of Heaven's intenser glories,
Which sometimes do the ravished spirit meet
When, at the cherub-guarded mercy-seat,
It enters to the Holiest of holies!
What a full flood of radiant light will be
The beatific vision it shall see,
When mortal weakness all is past, —
When Godhead's presence fills its vast,
Its infinite capacity!
What joy, what adoration will it feel,
When Heaven the Father's brightness shall reveal
In HIM, whose sacrifice and righteousness
Purchased such endless, such consummate bliss!

VIII.

And is there not a Heaven below, —
An oasis in earth's wide moral waste,
Where trees immortal grow,
And fruits divine the soul may taste?
Wherever pure affection taketh root, —
Where'er truth's living well is found,
Where seeds of faith and hope do upward shoot, —
Where true-born sympathies abound,
Or spirit doth the sense control,
That spot is heavenly ground;
A watered garden, fragrant, fair,
Within a human heart is there, —

A heaven is in that soul :
There love, joy, goodness in the germ may be,
Yet each shall grow to immortality.

IX.

But hark ! a voice behind me speaks, —
It saith, "In spirit rise, and see
That New Jerusalem the pilgrim seeks, —
A symbol of the Heaven to be ;"
And lo ! to me —
As unto him who did on Patmos stand —
The eternal city's gates of pearl unfold,
Its walls of jasper, and its streets of gold,
Rise, like a vision glorious to behold,
By precious stones of every color spanned :
There the pure, crystal river flows,
And there the tree of life for healing grows ;
No light of sun, nor moon, nor lamp I see,
But the full radiance of the Deity !
Celestial city ! who would fear
To cross death's river, deep and drear,
When just beyond its turbid tide
Thy shining gates stand open wide ?
Fair vision ! sense through thee receives
Types of what sublimated faith conceives
Of glories ne'er to sight material given, —
The pure ideal of the perfect HEAVEN.

TO NIGHT.

I.

How solitary was thy reign,
Daughter of Chaos, ancient Night !
Ere, at the word, "Let there be light,"
A beam ethereal rent thy veil in twain.
That word pervading silence broke,
Darkness in terror fled, and Day awoke,
Thence to divide with thee the throne
Where thou hadst reigned supreme alone :
No longer joyless, childless, thou,
With ungemmed brow,
Didst silent sit and brood
Over a shapeless solitude ;
When none thy right imperial might dispute,
Thou wert inglorious, as absolute ;
But with thy power divided, by degrees
Arose thy starry fame ;—
Mother of the Hesperides,
Is still thy fabled name !
Ah, mother, too, of Mystery and the Fates —
Of Discord, Dreams, and Death ;
Of captious-minded Momus, who creates
The faults he ridicules with noxious breath ;

Mother of Fraud, and its uncomely mates,
Whose spirits haunt each spot the heavens
beneath.

II.

These are thy offspring. But, O matron Night!
Thou art the mother too of musing Thought;
Of downy Sleep, that bringeth soft delight,
That is with visions infinite,
And viewless blessings fraught;
Of calm Devotion, whose high hope
Dwells where thy stars their worlds of glory ope;
Of Love, that shuns the day,
And wonders where the moonbeams stray,
Or in thy shadow hides its treasured dream
away!

III.

Mysterious Night!—once deified as Nox,
What art thou but a paradox?
Of Innocence the natural friend, and foe;
The enemy, yet friend and shield of Crime;
The propagator, and defence of Woe;
The shortener, and the lengthener of Time.
How childhood shrinks from thee!
How flutters his young heart to see
Thy mantle slowly fall,
Covering the earth as with a pall!

Then Fancy, Argus-eyed, awakes,
And myriad shapes the darkness takes ;
Till wearied shuts the dewy lid,
Beneath a covering safe hid.

IV.

Nor less is Guilt dismayed
By the same darkness that his crime may shade ;
From thy sepulchral gloom,
Which yields the murderous deed a tomb,
Its spectre rises up with bloody eyes,
Whose redness even the blackness round him
dyes !
Thy shadow, covert of his lurking-place,
Is now Revenge, pursuing where he flies ;
And on thy dense, o'erhanging wall,
A fiery finger seems to trace
The doom that doth his soul appall !

V.

'Tis to the stricken, unaccusing heart,
That thou, congenial Night, a solace art ;
Thy shadow seems the angel-wing
Over its sorrow hovering ;
Thy steadfast stars, the open eyes
Of Heaven, unto the mind revealing
That watchful love which, still all-wise,
Its end in distance is concealing :

And oft the eye of Faith discovers
The guardian spirit which close hovers,
Listening in silence to the prayer,
Whose burden it to Heaven shall bear.

VI.

Love blesses thee ; yet clippest thou the hours
Of stolen fondness in ambrosial bowers :
 Scarce seems thy curtain overspread,
 Shutting in words in whispers said,
Ere young Aurora, with intrusive eye,
Peeps out her warning from the eastern sky.
 The couch of absent Love thou blessest,
 Giving endearments back in dreams ;
On Beauty's lip the nectared kiss impresses,
 And all the sweet illusion real seems :
 For hapless Love thou, Night unkind,
A leaden weight upon the hours dost bind,
 And rob the bosom's lonely nest
 Even of downy sleep ;
So, that the mourning-dove can find no rest,
 And must with Grief sad vigils keep.

VII.

Day is no mate for thee, — its honest sun
Hides not e'en motes that revel in its ray ;
It brings to light what was in secret done —
Melting the covert of thy mists away :

Day no confederate can be
Of Treachery or Crime ;
The foe of Opportunity,
It never did present like thee,
To Wrong the fitting time :
It leaves the fratricidal blood
Where, on the sunny slope 't was spilt,
Till from the ground it calls to God
For vengeance on the brow of Guilt !
Whilst thou weep'st dew to wash away the stain,
And buriest out of sight the relics of the slain.

VIII.

Yet art thou glorious, sovereign Night !
The constellations gem thy crown ;
The virgin goddess decks with silver light,
Thy sombre robes ; and all allegiance own,
Suddued by thy mysterious, solemn might.
But none so loyal as the Poet's heart,
For thou of Dreams the mother art —
His is the world of dreams !
With thee he wanders oft and far,
And sees a paradise in every star
That on his vision beams :
He shuts thy visible glories out —
Enwraps him in thy densest shade,
And there in attitude devout,
An inner world for him is made,

Circled by Fancy's imagery about;
He hears the minstrelsy of unseen lyres —
The melody divine his own inspires,
And while he muses, burn the fires
Of sacred poesy:
To thee, the prompter of sublime desires,
Suggestive Night, — he sings to thee!

IX.

Enchantress dread, oracular!
Thou hast some destiny in every star:
Queen of astrologic lore,
Patron of the ancient seers;
Thou whom Science kneels before,
Asking entrance to thy spheres;
Friend and aid of mental Toil,
Curtaining in the roving thought,
And enriching it with spoil
From the rifled Ages brought;
In thy pavilion dark I love to hide,
And see the visions unto day denied;
So when thy offspring, Death, surrounds
My flesh with night that knows no bounds,
Unto the sleepless spirit may be given
The beatific light of opening Heaven.





SONNETS.





SONNETS.



TO A VIOLET.



HAT is there in thy presence, little Flower,
That makes me tremble thus, as if ar-
raigned

Before the justice of some dreaded Power?
Why would I flee thee, yet why am I chained,
Drinking thy breath, as thou drink'st in the shower,
Till with deliciousness my sense is pained?
Art thou Enchantress of this Floral bower?
Then give me back the force thy toils have gained!
For I was strong, yea, in my heart had hushed
The voice of Love, and all its feeling crushed,
When with one breath of thine — oh fatal sweet! —
My cheek with wakened memories is flushed.
Emotions smothered, rise, in conflict meet,
And to thee, little Flower, stern Reason owes de-
feat.

FLOWERY ASSOCIATIONS.

LET me respire again this balmy air,
Freighted with hyacinths and violets !
Here the enamored sense awhile forgets
This real world of bitterness and care,
And glides away in dreams serenely fair :
A tear-drop of voluptuous sadness wets
My drooping lid, but oh ! 't is only there
From joy's excess, — the absence of regrets.
Let me respire again ! This atmosphere
Is redolent for me of memories dear ;
Around me float the spirits of the past ;
Soft, melting tones delight my listening ear ;
An eye that beams with love is on me cast ;
But, ah, the bliss I feel is too intense to last !

SYMPATHY

I.

I SAW two streams from distant mountains start,
And each pursue a like impetuous course,
As if impelled by some mysterious force
Toward the same end, while rushing far apart,
Filling their native vales with murmurs hoarse.
I watched these torrents with congenial heart,
And saw each swerve from its maternal source,
Obeying Freedom's law, to them as art:
I saw the distance 'twixt them dwindling fast;
Until, at length, with simultaneous bound,
They rushed together, — each its mate had found!
Thence, as one tranquil river, on they passed
Through flowery vales, commingling tones profound,
And gained together the broad sea at last!

II.

LIKE these two streams our births were far apart,
Our youthful course alike disturbed and wild ;
Each was in nature as a mountain child —
Bold as the torrent, free as air from art,
And ever seeking for its counterpart.
When Sympathy, with subtle force, yet mild,
Drew us together — heart to kindred heart —
Blending, as streams, affections undefiled.
But ah ! more blest than we are mountain streams
Which rush together in a glad embrace ;
For they are one, and Heaven's clear sunlight
 beams
Forever after on their tranquil face ;
Whilst we are only one in Fancy's dreams,
And Heaven from us averts its smile of grace.

AWAKENING LOVE.

WITHIN this bosom, like a timid dove
That nestles to the heart with folded wings,
Lies half-concealed a downy, new-fledged love,
Which influences sweet and tender brings,
That through my spirit tremulously move;
Ah! now they seem the gentle flutterings
Of the young dove that would its pinions prove,
Stirring my soul till plaintively it sings:
Sings like the turtle-dove, whose melting coo
Sends a voluptuous sadness through the trees,
The live-long day its tender mate to woo,
Whose soft response is whispered on the breeze.
Oh! music is Love's voice in birds like these,
And song Love's utterance to the poet too.

LOVE'S INFLUENCE.

As falls upon the bud the kindly dew,
Swelling the heart of sweets which it doth hold,
Until it breaks its leafy prison through;
Or, as to genial suns, those leaves unfold,
And give their wealth of fragrance and of hue—
Their forms of beauty fresh from Nature's mould,
To gladden and enrich the garden view,
While the same bud would shrink at storms and
cold:—

So do the treasures of the human heart
Unfold to love's warm, dewy influence,
And fragrant charities to all impart;
For *love* is ever love's sure recompense.
Ah! many a misanthropic soul had proved
Philanthropist instead, if once it had been loved.

PARTING.

MOMENTS of life there are in which whole years
Of thought, of deep emotion, seem compressed ;
When the heart's language can alone through tears,
Or the warm grasp of Friendship, be expressed :
Such is the present ! when the teeming mind
Is big with memories, with hopes, with fears ;
When the pure dews of love my eyes do blind,
And our brief past a pleasant dream appears.
Oh, could I stand upon Parnassus' mount
And with perspective sight thy course divine ;
Or draughts partake from pure Castalia's fount,
Then would I pour my spirit into thine !
But through the misty future now I count
Three stars — FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE, — for *us*
they shine.

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ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHEN first peeps out from earth the modest vine,
Asking but little space to live and grow,
How easily some step, without design,
May crush the being from a thing so low !
But let the hand that doth delight to show
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine
Around some sturdy prop, and 't will bestow
Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine.
Thus when young Genius first puts forth its shoot,
So timid that it scarce dare ask to live —
The tender germ, if trodden under foot,
Shrinks back again to its undying root ;
While kindly training bids it upward strive,
And to the future flowers immortal give.

CULTIVATION.

WEEDS grow unasked, and even some sweet
flowers

Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere,
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers,
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair.
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting
powers.

So, flowers of Genius that will longest live
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is
slow.

AWE AND ASPIRATION.

WHEN I behold the glorious bards of eld
Living in their immortal works sublime,
Through awe my spirit kneels, and, for the time,
Spellbound in admiration deep is held !
But when I turn to self again compelled,
I seem a worm, that strives in vain to climb,
Hearing above me the eternal chime
Of poet-voices, through vast numbers swelled.
Oh, THOU, whose vernal bounty re-creates,
Whose sun the insect's covering penetrates,
And bids it rise and soar on shining wings !
Uplift a soul, that on thy favor waits,
Till soaring heavenward, like old bards it sings,
While through the future answering echo rings.

BEAUTY.

WHO says that Beauty in itself is naught?
Hath then Omnipotence in vain designed,
And the great shaping Hand but idly wrought?
What mean the flowers with which the fields are
 fraught;
The blushing shells that ocean's shore have lined;
The changeful hues which from the light are caught;
The leaves, symmetrical, of varied kind,
And all besides that charms the taste refined?
What though "the lilies neither toil nor spin,"
Christ bared their bosoms and found truth within,
Which, when they cease to bloom, will deathless be.
He who from Beauty can no virtue win,
Is blind; or would in his own nature see
That, to the human soul, it is utility.

PRESENTIMENT.

WHEN the wide concave is a sea of blue,
O'er which no fleecy clouds are sailing seen ;
When the warm sun is drinking up the dew
That lay all night along the deep ravine,
And Nature, wearing her accustomed mien,
Doth unperturbed her daily course pursue ;
The falling mercury gives warning true,
If storms are lurking near the tranquil scene.
Thus, when our spiritual heavens show
No darksome signs, a coming ill will throw
Its shadow on the mind's barometer ;
Thus, the mercurial spirits sinking low,
Mysterious tokens give, too deep to err,
Of which the bursting storm is sad interpreter.

CULTURE AND ACQUIREMENT.

HE who is conscious that within his mind
A living germ is hidden, which must share
The patient toil of daily, earnest care,
And thus to inward culture is inclined,
Will mental breadth and growing stature find,
Till like a tree he stands, whose branches bear
The fruits, which in exuberance and kind,
Were tokened by that germ of promise fair.
But he whose mind is ever outward bent,
Taking impressions from the objects round,
Is like the tree whose beauty is but lent
From numerous grafts on which its sap is spent ;
Among whose leaves no native fruit is found,
While clusters there from foreign trees abound.

A DREAM.

'T WAS summer, and the spot a cool retreat —
Where curious eyes came not, nor footstep rude
Disturbed the lovers' chosen solitude:
Beneath an oak there was a mossy seat,
Where we reclined, while birds above us wooed
Their mates in songs voluptuously sweet.
A limpid brook went murmuring by our feet,
And all conspired to urge the tender mood.
Methought I touched the streamlet with a flower,
When from its bosom sprang a fountain clear,
Falling again in the translucent shower,
Which made more green each blade of grass appear:
"This stream's thy heart," I said; "Love's touch
alone
Can change it to the fount which maketh green
my own."

THE VIOLETS.

METHINKS when angels first did visit earth,
Wherever pressed its soil their hallowed feet,
From those footprints white violets sprang to birth,
And offered odors up as incense meet
The sacred messengers of God to greet.
Well pleased, the angels bent their eyes of blue
Upon the ground, whence came the offering sweet,
And gave the violets their celestial hue.
Thus are they heavenly flowers, in whose true dye
Fancy may still discern the angel's eye,
And there read oft some message from above
Which seems half hid in its blue depths to lie.
Why should not violets human feeling move,
If such as these the blessed angels love?

PERSONIFICATION.

To Poesy some glorious god of eld
Is every planet which through space doth glide,—
A distant star by Fancy deified :
Even fallen earth, by other stars excelled,
Upon whose disks no spots of sin abide,—
Is by the poet ever sacred held,
And though to take a lower form compelled,
Still by his shaping-thought personified.
He sees the earth like some huge Titan stand,
With brow by Phoebus crowned, or Iris spanned ;
Its sense and instinct are the brutal race,
And man, upright, created to command,
Its living soul, its intellect and grace,
The likeness fair of his Creator's face.

DEPRESSION.

A LOAD of emptiness is on my heart,
More heavy than the weight of actual woe ;
Nature, too, seems oppressed, as if a part
Of what my spirit suffers she did know,
And would a fellowship of sadness show :
To-day I cannot look on things of art, —
The tone of my whole being is so low,
That Beauty to me could no joy impart.
So I will feed this hungry void with thought,
Such as from memory's teeming realm is brought,
And nourish sadness with nutritious tears ;
For, unto me experience hath taught,
That the lone heart, which sterile, cold appears,
Thus nourished, fruitful joy to sorrow bears.

NOTHING NEW.

THE fragrant flowers that greet returning Spring,
Bear the same forms that flowers before them bore;
Nor does the affluent, vernal season bring
To deck their petals any coloring
Save dyes which painted all their kind before:
The feathered songsters never fear to sing,
Lest Nature in their music should restore
Tones that have gladdened forest-haunts of yore.
As in the world of Nature, so in Art, —
Eternal are the laws which both obey;
What was revealed in ancient Homer's lay,
Before was sung from Genius' mighty heart;
Is re-created by our bards to-day;
Nor will the future one new truth impart.

PREMONITION.

I FEEL the shadow of a coming Fate !
It hangs upon me in a heavy gloom,
Silent as Night, mute harbinger of doom.
I cannot speak ; so tremulous my state,
I cannot think — I can do naught but *wait* :
I cannot even breathe ; my soul wants room,
I seem one shut up living in a tomb, —
I gasp ! — I faint ! — O God, I suffocate !
Now am I fanned as by invisible wings ;
But oh, how icy cold the air ! it brings
A numbness through my frame, as struck by death
My soul is seized with direful shudderings !
Speak out, dread Shade ! Fear waits thee with
 stayed breath.
Fall, pending Doom ! quick, crush me underneath.

DREAD.

WHO hath not felt on sudden cloud his mind,
When clearest seemed his moral atmosphere,
The spectral presence of unshapen Fear,
Forecoming shadow of some Ill behind?
Who hath not — searching through all monster-kind —

Challenged his tortured Fancy to appear
In any hideous form, pronounced and clear,
Rather than that of terror undefined?
The bravest hero who e'er hurled the lance
Has paled to see a vizored foe advance,
Though never at Wrong's open face he quailed.
Distorting mists do real ills enhance;
Better by stern-faced Woe to be assailed,
Than by dim Dread, more fearful because veiled.

DESPAIR.

Down, monstrous demon, down, thou leaden-eyed!
The stagnant blood of an unhopeful woe
Darkens thy visage, — spots, all livid, show
How the swollen heart within thee sudden died,
When vital Hope departed from thy side.
Take off that stony gaze — it chills me so!
Or speak and tell me what astounding blow
Turned thee to stone, — an anguish petrified!
In vain thy hopelessness may threaten me;
While Faith lives, *I* live, and shall never be
The awful thing thou art, — Accursed of God!
Avaunt, then! leave me my *live* agony.
Dear Hope, stay thou! Though driven by the rod,
Let mine the path be by the faithful trod.

MORAL STRENGTH.

THE spirit that in conscious right is strong,
By Treachery or Rage may be assailed:
But over single-handed Right hath Wrong
Never by art or multitude prevailed;
As Samson, shaking off the withes that failed
To hold the Titan, rose all free among
The weak Philistines who before him quailed,
And bade defiance to the coward-throng.
So the Titanic soul through moral power
Rending the toils of Calumny may tower—
A host within itself—sublimely free,
Above the foes who in their weakness cower.
Shorn of its strength the human soul must be,
Ere overcome by Truth's worst enemy.

SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT.

BEAUTY floats round us as a spirit fair,
But, save to minds wherein its light doth dwell,
Like to all spirits, is invisible :
Eternal Truth shines glorious everywhere ;
Yet who its lineaments divine can tell,
Save such as truth in their own bosoms bear ?
Music's sweet tones throughout all Nature swell,
But ears that hear them tuned to music are :
The holy Godhead omnipresent is,
Yet unanointed eyes can never see
The central soul that moves a world like this,
Nor the bright Sun of heaven's perpetual bliss ;
Such as behold God's face all pure must be, —
Types of his own celestial purity.

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GOD'S PROVIDENCE OVER ALL.

HAD scientific Genius only planned
The wondrous, awe-inspiring telescope,
That unto human eyes a world might ope
In every star which moves at Heaven's command,
To planetary-time revolving grand ; —
Man, shrinking to a worm, could never hope
To be upheld by that stupendous Hand
Which wheels the stars. But ah ! the microscope
Bids faith revive, revealing to the gaze
Countless ephemera, basking in the rays
Of one brief sun, which ends their little hour ;
Yet each His care who suns and planets sways :
Who gave man genius to observe His power,
No less than in the stars, in insect, bird, and flower.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

How strangely fashioned is the human mind,
To love the good, the beautiful, the true,
And earnestly the right alone pursue ;
Yet, under impulse strong, to reason blind,
Act like the common herd of humankind,
And by one error all life's good undo !
Alas ! that fools should consolation find
In follies which the wise expose to view :
But, such are the fatuities of earth,
And when the heart betrays its mortal birth,
By weaknesses, which, though of God forgiven,
To base-born minds are not atoned by worth,
The noble ends for which that heart hath striven,
Are in its faults forgot by all, save Heaven.

PRAYER.

SOAR up to Heaven, my thought, on wings of
prayer !

But oh ! attempt it not when passions jar
Within the soul, like adverse winds, nor dare
Through the dense atmosphere of earthly care
To force thy flight where Mercy waits afar ;
For, like some bird that beats in vain the air,
When stormy clouds obscure Day's radiant car —
Fighting his way through elements at war,
Till fail his wings their burden to upbear —
Is he, whose prayer would struggle up to Heaven,
While fluctuating cares the mind perturb, —
While worldly calls its heavenward motions curb ;
Or here and there by mental storms 't is driven :
But when no earthborn aims the soul disturb,
How swift soars Thought, to prayer's free pinions
given !

FRUITS OF AGE.

How ripe, how mellow, fall the words of life
From the gray-haired divine, who yet doth live
The ancient church's representative !
Who hath withstood long years of change and
 strife,
Like some old tree, that richer fruit will give
For braving tempests and the pruning-knife,
And with full golden clusters now is rife,
Which drop their wealth for all who will receive.
And who would fail to catch the fruits of truth,
Which thoughtful years have ripened in the mind, —
Product of Heaven-sown seed, of life-long growth,
Blending with wisdom grafted from mankind,
To which the suns and dews of Grace have given
The flavor of the immortal fruits of Heaven.

FADING AUTUMN.

THE autumnal glories all have passed away :
The forest leaves no more in hectic red
Give glowing tokens of their brief decay,
But scattered lie, or rustle to the tread,
Like whispered warnings from the mouldering
dead ;

The naked trees stretch out their arms all day,
And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend head
As if for some new covering to pray.
Come, Winter, then, and spread thy robe of white
Above the desolation of this scene ;
And when the sun with gems shall make it bright,
Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
We'll cease to sigh for summer's living green.

TO A VIOLET FOUND IN DECEMBER.

ILL-FATED Violet! opening thy blue eye
In Winter's face, who treacherous smiles, to see
So fair a child, of parent such as He!
And didst thou think in his cold lap to lie,
Wrapt in the fallen mantle of the tree,
Secure as if Spring's bosom cherished thee?
Ah, little flower! thy doom must be to die
By thine own sire, like Saturn's progeny.
In vain do human gentleness and love,
And breathing beauty hope to melt the soul
Through which a holy influence never stole;
Though softening love the lion's heart may move,
It cannot make cold Self itself forget;
Nor canst thou Winter change, sweet Violet.

A WINTER NIGHT.

How calm, how solemn, how sublime the scene!
The moon in full-orbed glory sails above,
And stars in myriads around her move,
Each looking down with watchful eye serene
On earth, which in a snowy shroud arrayed,
And still, as in a dreamless sleep 't were laid,
Saddens the spirit with its deathlike mien:
Yet does it charm the eye — its gaze still hold;
Just as the face of one we loved, when cold,
And pale, and lovely e'en in death 't is seen,
Will fix the mourner's eye, though trembling fears
Fill all his soul, and frequent fall his tears.
Oh! I could watch till morn should change the
sight,
This cold, and fair, and mournful Winter Night.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE last page of the Year's recording book
Is well-nigh written : pause O Time, thou Scribe !
While we turn o'er its leaves and backward look.
Ah, vain request ! Not all the human tribe,
Could, with blent suppliance or offerings, bribe
That pen which for an instant ne'er forsook
Its busy work, since the behest it took,
Each heart's, each moment's history to inscribe.
But Conscience whispers of full many a thought,
Or word, or deed, to Time's great record brought,
Which tears of penitence would fain erase.
Dread Book ! let thy *last* page, at least, be fraught
With some good action or resolve, whose trace
Shall meet the smile of Heaven's approving face.

TO THE RHONE,

WHERE IT REFUSES TO BLEND WITH THE ARVE.

I GAZE into thy depths, in dreamy mood,
Offspring of Lemman Lake, transparent Rhone!
Pure as the crystal river from God's throne!
And see a symbol there of spirits good.
Long, by intrinsic purity alone,
Have thy chaste waters, undefiled, withstood
The turbid torrent, of audacious tone,
That rushes to pollute that stainless flood.
In vain!—its foulness there can make no trace,
Apart thou glidest on, serenely fair,
Reflecting always Heaven's celestial face.
Just as the soul, imbued with virtue's grace,
Moves with the World, untainted by its air,
Through good, repulsing evil everywhere.

BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

HERE let me sit, to drink the salt sea-air,
And watch the green waves breaking into foam;
To bid winged Fancy o'er the waters roam,
Like yon sea-bird careering freely there —
No thought to stay him, and to vex no care.
How deep to deep through all this grandeur
speaks —

Seaward and landward, beauty everywhere!
Those mountains, with their changing lights and
shades —

Spring at their base, and Winter on their peaks;
Those shadowy hills, in which the picture fades;
That phantom-sail, which seems to glide through
space,

Where mystery the distance dim pervades:
Be still, my soul! — this is a holy place —
And view the Infinite in Nature's face.

TO MOUNT VISO.

As stood in kingly beauty Saul of old.
Shoulders and head above the sacred seers ;
So towerest thou, Mount Viso, grand and bold,
Above the summits of thy princely peers !
And who, without revering, can behold
That ancient head, all white with snows of years,
Which evermore so near to Heaven appears, —
As if “the place of honor” thou didst hold.
Art thou of earth, but stationed there to teach
Man o’er his earth-born nature so to rise,
That he a purer region too may reach,
And hold high converse with the bending skies ?
Yes : for by thee I feel my soul aspire,
And grow in stature with sublime desire.

MOONLIGHT IN ITALY.

THERE 's not a breath the dewy leaves to stir;
There 's not a cloud to spot the sapphire sky;
All Nature seems a silent worshipper:
While saintly Dian, with great, argent eye,
Looks down as lucid from the depths on high,
As she to Earth were Heaven's interpreter:
Each twinkling little star shrinks back, too shy
Its lesser glory to obtrude by her
Who fills the concave and the world with light;
And ah! the human spirit must unite
In such a harmony of silent lays,
Or be the only discord in this night,
Which seems to pause for vocal lips to raise
The sense of worship into uttered praise.

TO THE GREEK SLAVE.

BEAUTIFUL model of creative Art!
My spirit feels the reverence for thee,
That felt the ancients for a deity.
And did the sculptor shape thee part by part,
Fair as if whole from Genius' mighty heart
Thou 'dst sprung, like Venus, from the foaming
 sea?

Ah! not for show, in a disgraceful mart,
Is that calm look of conscious purity;
Nor should unhallowed eyes presume to steal
A sensual glance, where holy minds would kneel,
As to some goddess in her virgin-youth.
And who could shame in thy pure presence feel,
Save those, who false themselves, must shrink, for-
 sooth

From the mild lustre of ungarnished Truth.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE INDIAN OF CRAWFORD'S GROUPS FOR THE
PEDIMENT OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

I.

ONE stroke of Genius tells a century's tale :
Behold this Indian — once the forest lord,
Whose swift-winged arrow flew to do his word —
Dethroned before the Future's lifted vail,
Sitting alone a nation to bewail !
Read in the muscular tension of that form,
In that clinched hand, the inward working
storm —

A moral strife which turns even marble pale !
He hears behind Advancement's rapid tread,
The plough profanely rooting up his dead ;
Scattered he sees the ashes of his sires, —
Dispersed his tribes, without their savage head,
Invasion trampling out his wigwam fires,
And feels revenge and death but impotent desires.

II.

THUS speaks the eloquent stone, informed with life,
The march of progress o'er a fallen race ;
Thus more than history speaks, for here I trace
That deeper tale, — a human spirit's strife !
So with crushed pain this Indian breast seems
 rife,

I almost listen for the throbbing heart,
Or call in pity upon mighty Art
To give the conquered back his bow and knife.
Yet no : the pliant sympathies may err,
But Art is Nature's true interpreter ;
And Nature prophet-power the artist gives
To speak to distant centuries for her.
The Red-man doomed, his certain fate receives,
But dying, thus sublime in marble still he lives.

WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF MRS.
BROWNING'S POEMS.

STAY! come not here with unanointed eyes,
And hope that inner temple to behold
Where Beauty lives in phases manifold.
Come not, unless your liberal thought can rise
To Freedom's heaven, this poet's Paradise;
Come not without the key, of antique mould,
To her great wealth of lore and fable old;
Nor lampless search the deep that in her lies.
But you who have a truth-lit spirit, come!
You, who that superhuman power can see
Which turns the meanest thing beneath Heaven's
dome
To gold, through its divinest alchemy,
Come, kneel to Genius, enter Feeling's home,
And own the Godlike in humanity.

(209)

TO ARABELLA.

THERE is a pathos in those azure eyes,
TOUCHING, and beautiful, and strange, fair child !
WHEN the fringed lids upturn, such radiance mild
BEAMS out, as in some brimming lakelet lies,
WHICH undisturbed reflects the cloudless skies :
NO tokens glitter there of passion wild,
THAT into ecstasy with time shall rise ;
BUT in the deep of those clear orbs are signs,
WHICH Poesy's prophetic eye divines,
OF woman's love, enduring, undefiled !
IF, like the lake at rest, through life we see
THY face reflect the heaven that in it shines,
NO Idol to thy worshippers thou 'lt be,
FOR he will worship Heaven who worships thee.

THE SISTER QUEENS.

I.

WHEN Mary, England's bloody queen appeared,
Like the red moon, presaging storms, she rose
The sceptred omen of a nation's woes!
Her lurid track by stars was all uncheered —
Her night of darkness, one without repose,
And through its shadows boding birds careered
Where'er the fagot's flame to Heaven upreared,
Calling for vengeance on the martyr's foes.
Oh, sanguine Queen! where was thy woman's heart
When thou didst act the tyrant bigot's part,
And write in blood on Britain's soil thy name?
Time, the Obliterator, hath no art
To wash the purple stains from off thy fame,
Nor quench thy deeds which glare in characters of
flame.

II.

How like chaste Dian rose the Virgin Queen,
Resplendently, her glorious stars among !
Scattering the mists of bigotry that long
O'er Albion's vales and rocky heights were seen.
Fair Regent ! though long ages intervene,
We yet behold thee, with thy glittering throng,
Moving in royal majesty serene,
By vocal stars immortalized in song.
Sweet Spenser first from the horizon far
Salutes his "Fairy Queen," her evening star !
While statesmen, warriors, and wits concur
To form her radiant galaxy ; — and, ah !
Transcendent Shakspeare, star of stars ! for her
In regal glory shines — the lordly Jupiter.



THE MONTHS.





THE MONTHS.



I.

JANUARY.



HE Old Year to Time's burial-place hath
gone
In silentness, embalmed by Memory's tear!
And lo! a youthful prince ascends the throne,
Where loyal hearts allegiance haste to own;
Where faces wreathed in hopeful smiles appear.
Promise and Mirth attend the day alone;
All hearthstones catch the spark of festive cheer,
And brighter shine to greet the new-crowned Year.
Glad Earth a mantle, ermined with pure snow,
Puts on in honor of the regal scene;
The lordly forest-trees in diamonds glow,
And every shrub is jewelled like a queen;
The merry bells are ringing to and fro,
And all the world wears pleasure's jocund mien.

II.

FEBRUARY.

A HARSH, and yet relenting monarch thou !
Briefest of months, yet lengthener of the days ;
Sharpeners of cold ; yet bringing mid-day rays
That melt the snow-crown from the mountain's
brow,

And frozen vales with sunny smiles endow :
The loosened ice in sluggish rivers strays ;
But lo ! fierce rains the mountain flood-gates raise,
And torpid streams are rushing torrents now !
Thou paradox of months ! though hard and chill,
Thou softenest human bosoms :—ay 't is thine
The heart with warmest impulses to fill ;
To prompt the amorous sigh, the glowing quill,
And speed the tender, love-inspiring line
On wings of blessing from St. Valentine.

III.

MARCH.

THOU Boanerges of the months, hoarse March!
Dead forests startle at thy blustering tones,
Through withered vales there's "shaking of dry
bones:"

And ah! the lips which hectic fevers parch,
Now utter prayers, 't wixt agonizing groans,
And sunken, lustrous eyes to Heaven's blue arch
Look up for pity, as thy rude winds search
The wasting frame which still a spirit owns,
Yet thou, who victims to the tomb dost bring,
Art boisterous usher of the gentle Spring, —
Whose balmy southwest, when she parts from thee,
Shall come, with life anew inspiriting
The languid heart, till its quick pulses be
Timed to the beat of healthful harmony.

IV.

APRIL.

CAPRICIOUS April, beautiful coquet !
Thou wearest now a smile, and now a frown,
And now a pensive air, with lids cast down,
And thy sad visage with fresh tear-drops wet :
Then all at once, thou sadness dost forget, —
Thy forehead circling with joy's radiant crown,
And laughing gayly, with a laugh thine own —
Lovely in tears, in smiles more lovely yet !
Thy favorites are not princes of the earth,
Nor gay gallants ; but sons of lowly birth —
For ploughman and for planter are thy wiles ;
Thy bird-toned voice calls rustics from the hearth
To labor, while thy presence care beguiles,
And quickens precious seed beneath thy tears and
smiles.

V.

MAY

HEBÈ of months ! — fresh roses on thy cheek,
Thy cup runs o'er with nectar of May-dew :
The glad flowers peep from earth thy face to view ;
The birds in merry songs their welcome speak,
And lambs in gambols sportive utterance seek :
The laughing fields thy path with verdure strew ;
All Nature's voices rapturous strains renew,
And fragrant violets breathe their greeting meek.
Lead off the dance, then, dimple-footed May !
While gurgling brooks and silver fountains play ;
Lead off the dance ! Each breathing creature
 springs
The impulse of its gladness to obey ;
Life stirs anew in all created things, —
All, with the worm, grow conscious now of wings.

VI.

JUNE.

QUEEN of the sisters twelve, imperial June !
Thou steppest forth with garlands on thy head —
Full statured, radiant, with a Juno tread !
The kingly sun warm greets thee at high noon ;
“ God save the Queen ! ” is Nature’s loyal tune ;
Balm as a tribute from all flowers is shed,
And falling blossoms thee a carpet spread,
Soft as e’er wove ’neath Orient’s crescent moon.
A glorious, and a bounteous reign is thine !
Thy smiles as blessings on the green hills shine ;
From out thy footprints springs the wavy corn ;
In scented clover feed thy happy kine ;
The swelling grain foretells rich fruits unborn,
And harvest-hopes, as plumes, are gayly worn.

VII.

JULY.

RIPE matron-month ! thou ruddy-cheeked and
plump, —

Warm-hearted, generous, honest as the sun !
Yet lavishing thy smiles, till these men shun,
And from their heat seek yonder shady clump,
To woo fresh breezes on the old-tree stump ;
Watching meanwhile what in the fields is done
With thy first fruits and reapers, one by one,
Drinking in coolness from the dripping pump.
Bountiful Mother ! cream thy full breast yields, —
Thy breath is redolent of new-mown fields ;
Toil thou repayest with thy harvest cheer, —
The spreading oak from noontide kindly shields
The laborer's heated brow, and foaming beer,
Cooled by the brook, awaits his frugal meal spread
here. (221)

VIII.

AUGUST.

THOU faded Beauty! all would fly from thee, —
Summer is past when she outlives her charms :
In vain stretch out imploringly thine arms ;
Gone is that freshness once a joy to see ;
Thy heat is fever — thy smile burningly
Falls on the Earth, engendering noxious swarms ;
A pestilence is in thy breath that harms :
Oh, for cool winds the fetid air to free !
There's not a breeze ; the fainting leaves seen
 dead ;
The stagnant pools a mortal odor spread,
And every object wears a sickly hue,
Which from thy sickliness o'er all is shed :
For Nature's thirst there's not a drop of dew ; —
Come, vivifying rain, from death bring life anew !

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

HEAVEN opens now, — “the latter rain” descends!
Earth is refreshed, dear Nature breathes again —
Glow in the orchard, laughs along the plain,
And joy anew through many a brave heart sends:
Now, in content, the farmer’s hope attends
His ripening cornfields, drinking in the rain;
His clean washed fruit-trees, ruddy as the swain
Who for their shaken clusters eager wends.
Now looks the sun complacent through the cloud,
And sets in his first autumn-glory proud, —
Purple and crimson curtains deck his bed:
The “voices of the night” sound clear and loud;
Man goes to rest, still feeling overhead
The benediction on all Nature shed.

X.

OCTOBER.

MONTH of the poet's heart! thy glory seems
To his entranced, enraptured sight to be
The living form, the bright reality
Of Fancy's changeful and luxuriant dreams.
Thou pet-month of the patriarch year! On thee —
Favorite of twelve — his smile in fondness beams,
And with a coat of many colors he
Hath decked the child whom most his age esteems.
How all in crimson, like a prince, doth stand
The green-leaved maple which my lattice kissed!
The woods have changed, as to a magic wand;
While vines, which emeralds round the trees did
twist,
Now hang in clusters rich of amethyst,
And all the earth appears a fairy-land.

XI.

NOVEMBER.

GHASTLY November — naked skeleton
Of Nature, late so blooming and so fair !
Thy dreariness infects the general air,
And a dead weight of sadness rests upon
My lonely soul, that seems in unison
With desolation reigning everywhere :
Now chilling silence numbs me, and anon
Sepulchral winds wail through the branches bare,
And start appalling fancies in the brain,
Which pass before me like a funeral train —
Bearing dead hopes, lost pleasures, to the tomb.
Nature from death shall rise renewed again ;
But ah ! no Spring restores life's faded bloom,
Nor to Love's withered flowers their lost perfume !

(225)

XII.

DECEMBER.

THOU art a desert on the annual map,
Sterile December! Yet, we find in thee
An oasis, where grows the Christmas tree.
Dropping its riches in Affection's lap:
Though all around a weary waste may be,
'Though clouds and storms the skies above enwrap,
And wintry snows the distant mountains cap,
In its green shadow springeth life and glee.
Beyond this verdant spot more bleak and drear
Thy still extending, arid wastes appear, —
Ending at length in a deep, shadowy vale,
Where dies in loneliness the aged Year:
The sighing winds alone his end bewail,
And Midnight's heart entombs his dismal tale.

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THE END.







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